THE MONTHLY MIRROR;

FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1803.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MISS MELLON, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ALLINGHAM.

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1803.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are much obliged to Mr. J. P. B. *(Liverpool)* for the particulars respecting Mr. JACKSON, of Exeter.

The *Celestial Notices* did not reach the hands of the Editor in sufficient time for the present number.

The *Weymouth* theatricals in our next.

The Communication from a well-wisher, at *Bath*, at the same time.

The following articles as soon as possible;

Sonnet to Poverty, by ARTHUR OWEN, Esq.

A FEMALE BOOKWORM's poetical favour.

The *Rose-bud*, by LLEKEIT.

We must solicit the patience of our poetical correspondents, whom we have not room to attend to so readily as we could wish.

The last number of MELANCHOLY HOURS has, by some accident, been mislaid. We are almost ashamed to request the indulgence of a second copy.

We are under the necessity of declining the insertion of the following articles;

Ode to War, by Pindaricus.

Essay on Genius, by J. T.

Remarks on the new Property Tax; and on the late insurrection in Dublin, by a PATRIOT.

CRITO's Letter from *Belfast* is inserted in the present number.

ERRATUM.

In the Translation from Petrarch, printed in the last number, for "Forests green" read "Forests seen."

THE

MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1803.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

MISS MELLON.

With a Portrait.

Miss Hariet Mellon was born in the city of Westminster. Her father, who was a gentleman in the East India service, died some months previous to her birth. About two years afterwards her mother married again, into a respectable family in Lancashire; and from this period Miss Mellon may date her *theatrical life*; for her father-in-law, Mr. Entwisle, possessing considerable musical talents, was induced to engage as the leader of a band in a provincial theatre. At this time Miss Mellon experienced the protection of a family of considerable consequence at Halifax, in Yorkshire, named Roydes. To them she is indebted for many important advantages, and she has never ceased to retain the most grateful sense of their kindness. Some circumstances occurring which caused her mother to remove from that part of the country, Miss Mellon of course accompanied her, and occasionally, as a child, assisted at the theatres where Mr. Entwisle happened to be engaged.

The first regular engagement she entered into was with Mr. Stanton, in whose circuit, where she was the principal ornament, she remained till her removal to Drury-Lane. This circumstance took place in the following manner. At Stafford Miss Mellon was favoured with the friendship of Mr. Wright, the banker, with whose sister and daughters she lived in habits of intimacy. Mr. Sheridan being on a visit to the family, during the races, saw her play the characters of *Rosalind* and the *Romp*, and was so highly satisfied with the performance, that he was pleased to say, he thought her abilities entitled her to a situation in London. Miss Mellon's *Staffordshire* friends, who had ever exerted themselves most warmly and powerfully for her interest, and whose uniform kindness has made a lasting impression on her mind, were of course not insensible of the value attached to the opinion of so excellent a judge of acting as Mr. Sheridan: they intimated how happy they should feel were Miss Mellon comfortably situated at Drury-Lane; upon which Mr.

Sheridan immediately engaged her for that theatre; and as she could in no wise be separated from her mother, Mr. Entwisle was also provided with a situation in the orchestra.

Miss Mellon made her first appearance on the Drury-Lane boards in the season of 1793-4, in the part of *Lydia Languish*, in the Rivals, and was received by the audience with the warmest applause. The vivacity of her manner was much admired, and the advantage of a pleasing countenance and figure gave it additional effect. Since that period she has been gradually rising in the public favour, and now ranks among the principal comic supports of the theatre.

During the summer season she has constantly performed in the principal theatres of the kingdom; *Birmingham, Newcastle, Durham, Plymouth*, and *Liverpool*, where, particularly in the town last mentioned, she has met with the most distinguished tokens of kindness and approbation.

Under the management of Mr. Wroughton, she obtained an article for five years, at a very respectable and rising salary; and at the close of last season her engagement was renewed for three years longer.

THE NEGRO OF SENSIBILITY.

THE following effusion is from the pen of Mrs. Hanway, the ingenious author of the successful novels of "Eleanor" and "Andrew Stuart." The object whom Hortensia bewails was a real daughter, and one of the loveliest attainments, and fairest promise.

HORTENSIA has a house whose windows, on one side, overlook a church-yard, the common receptacle of the proud richman and his lowly dependant. The only difference between them is, that the former is condemned to await the fiat of his omnipotent Judge enshrined in a marble tomb, whilst his less opulent neighbour is consigned to his parent earth, with less of pomp, but more of real sorrow. From a view of this our last inheritance, her young friends turn disgusted away with the improvident levity of their time of life, whilst those whom *age* should have taught wisdom, and disappointment philosophy, to look on it as the last stage of their journey through the perilous paths of a receding world, shrink from the view, like the sensitive plant from the touch, as if, by shutting their eyes on a charnel-house, they could divest their minds of the tremendous idea that, however unwilling or unprepared, they must one day become an inhabitant of it.

Not so the unhappy Hortensia;—she chose it for a residence, from motives that would have induced others to have avoided it—because it contains within its relentless walls an only and beloved daughter, the fairest of flowers, who, " even in blooming, died," recalled to her kindred angels, ere yet her many talents and beauties were arrived at their perfection, leaving no hope to her sorrowing mother, but to be laid by her side in the silent tomb. With this aspiring hope, she, each returning morning, views the hallowed spot which contains *all* that *once was beauty, once was worth.*

As lately she was thus employed, lost in a profound reverie on the instability of all human prospects, on the shortness of her joys, on the years she had passed in unavailing sorrow and deep regret, and how many more she might be doomed to suffer, before she should be called to rejoin her sainted child, she was roused from the intensity of her own feelings, to share the pangs of a fellow mourner. But the pen of a Sterne or of a Pratt alone would afford an adequate description of the scene, or do justice to the simple but eloquent effusions, the real grief, of an uncultivated child of nature—a POOR NEGRO. Hortensia heard his deep-drawn sighs—saw the silent tear, as he bent with folded arms over a *new-made grave*, which had been left in the most rough and indecent disorder by the callous shovellers of *dirt to dirt*, who generally treat with neglect and disrespect the last home of the poor and deserted. He stooped to free it of the rubbish and weeds thrown on it. He looked on it with a shudder of horror, as if the partner of his slavery, the solace of his *few* hours of relaxation from toil, she that was all to him—kindred, friends, and country, upbraided him for neglecting the last sad office that had a claim on his affection. Appearing roused from inaction by this idea, he brushed off the fast-falling dew, and made an effort to cover the grave with sod; but finding that without assistance he could not do it properly, he retired, but presently returned with a man, to whom he offered money to assist him in his pious purpose, and who, with his spade, began to cut green turfs, whistling, without thinking of the nature of his employment, or the misery of the poor wretch before him, who now, kneeling, with them covered the grave of his lamented partner, which this genuine child of the sun consecrated by floods of tears, that rolled in torrents down his ebony cheeks. " Ah!" whispered Hortensia, " the milk of human kindness that flows in thy breast, poor unfortunate, makes thee appear to my eyes the fairest of the sons of men. Worth is of no religion, no climate, no colour; beside, like me, thou hast drank the bitter cup of af-

fliction, even unto the dregs; thou visitest and mournest over the grave of a beloved wife—I over that of an only ever-to-be-regretted child; though in worldly situation we are as distinct as is the colour of our skin, the chain of misfortune has bound us in close contact. I will therefore mingle my tears with thine, nor in my orisons shalt thou, poor Negro, be forgotten. May our sorrows be accepted, as a compensation for our offences, by him who gave and has taken away, and may he afford us strength to endure what it has pleased him to inflict!"

The task now being finished, he gave his assistant the promised shilling—perhaps his last, which he pocketed, having first convinced himself it was good, with as much apathy as a doctor does his fee, when he has announced to the sorrowing relatives there are no hopes for his patient. Our dejected mourner lingered behind, for a last look at the repository of all his past joys.

No sooner did he find himself alone, than he prostrated himself on the sod, yet wet with his tears, and appeared to be offering up the prayers of sensibility, to the throne of the God of mercy, who despises not the sighing of the wretch, and who will reward his humble spirit. After a pause, he arose, appearing renovated by the innate pleasure of having performed a duty. He made an effort to tear himself from the spot. With slow and lingering steps, he bent his way through the church-yard, and turned, at each receding step, his tearful eyes on the clay-cold tenement. Hortensia heard his stifled sobs—his piteous sighs—saw the convulsive agony that shook his frame, from the retrospect of past pleasures, for *ever* flown. Her *own* sorrow, brought by this melancholy scene full to her remembrance, and commiseration for *his*, now obliged her to retire.

THOMAS CORIATE.

It was not until the year 1608 that the use of a fork at table was introduced into England. That singular character, Thomas Coriate, of Oldcombe, thus speaks upon the subject. "I observed a custom in all the Italian cities and towns through which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels; neither do I think that any other nation in Christendom doth use it, but only Italy. The Italians, and also most strangers that are *commorant* in Italy, do always, at their meals, use a little fork, when they cut their meat. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut their meat out of the dish, they fasten their fork,

which they hold in their other hand, upon the same dish. So that whatsoever he be that, sitting in the company of others at meal, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meat with *his fingers*, from which all at table does cut, he will give occasion of offence to the company, as having *transgressed the laws of good manners*, insomuch that for his error he shall be *at least* brow-beaten, if not reprehended in words. This form of feeding is generally used in all places of Italy. Their forks, for the most part, being made of iron or steel, and some of silver, but the latter are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this, their *curiosity*, is because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers—seeing all men's fingers are not alike clean. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion, by this forked cutting of meat, not only whilst I was in Italy, but in Germany, and oftentimes in England, since I came home." It were to be wished that this '*curiosity*,' or rather delicacy, had spread more *rapidly*, and been universally adopted: for it is not *yet* uncommon for those who mix in various companies, at what are *called* elegant repasts, to be shocked and disgusted by the use of fingers, instead of forks—*particularly* by fish eaters. The *pun* of Joseph Miller might be well applied to such persons—"You have been a great traveller, I see, *all over grease*." Dr. Johnson says of Coriate, "He was an humourist about the court of James the First. He had a mixture of learning, wit, and buffoonery: he travelled through Europe, and published his travels; he afterwards travelled on *foot* through Asia, and had made many remarks, but he died at Wandoa, and his remarks were lost." The length of his journey *on foot* was one thousand nine hundred and seventy-five miles, more than half of which he performed with *one pair* of shoes!!! These memorable shoes were only once mended; and on his return to Oldcombe, were hung up in the church there. He was of a respectable family—lived in the house of, and received a pension from, Henry Prince of Wales. The quaint, but sensible Fuller, says of him, "Sweetmeats and Coriate made up the last course at all entertainments. Indeed he was the courtiers' anvil to *try* their wits upon. And sometimes this anvil returned the hammers as hard knocks as he received, his bluntness repaying their abuse. Such as conceived him a fool *ad dico*, and something *else, ad decem*, were utterly mistaken: for he drave on no design, caring for coin and counters alike. So contented with what was present, that he accounted those men guilty of superfluity who had more shirts than bodies."

Q. Z.

SELECT SENTENCES.

PERSONAL rancour wonderfully enlivens our style. Memoirs are often dictated by its fiercest spirit: and then histories are composed from memoirs!—and where is truth? Not in histories and memoirs.

BENJAMIN JONSON says, "Princes learn no art *truly* but that of horsemanship. The reason is, the brave beast is *no flatterer*: he will throw the prince as soon as his groom."

MADAME DUFFANS said of "L'Esprit du Loix" it is *wit* upon law.

I WOULD much rather be present with men of talents, who excel me, and listen to their conversation, than with fools, to applaud my sayings.

THERE is a degree of pride in human nature which upholds us in suffering, while we believe we are objects of interest to some, and of affection to others. The effect, if it be not hope, resembles it.

ST. FOND, speaking of the climate of Scotland, tells us it reminds him of a repartee of the Prince Caraccioli, viceroy of Sicily, when requested by an English nobleman, in London, to look at the sun. "Your English sun, my Lord, very much resembles our Sicilian *moon*."

IT is curious that the rich coal mines of Culross extend *to a great distance* under the bed of the sea, and that the workmen, guarded against a few leaks by steam engines, which raise the water out of the pits, continue their labours in perfect security, and without the least anxiety from the enormous mass of water rolling over their heads! Thus, while the bold and indefatigable miners, feebly lighted by the dismal glimmering of their lamps, make these profound cavities resound with the strokes of their mattocks, vessels, borne along with a propitious breeze, pass in full sail over their heads! and the sailors, enjoying the fineness of the weather, express their happiness in songs! At other times, the tempest lowers! the horizon flashes with fire!—the thunder roars!—the sea rages!—all is wrapped in terror! and the crew trembles. But the tranquil miners, ignorant of what is passing aloft, joyful and happy, sing, in chorus, their pleasures and their loves; while the vessel is dashed in pieces, and swallowed up in the devouring *gulf above* them! Unfortunately too true a picture of the daily vicissitudes of human life!

Q. Z.

THE STARLING.

A NOVEL IN MINIATURE.

CHAPTER I.

A SOLILOQUY.

"See where she leans her cheek upon her hand.
"Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand,
"That I might kiss her cheek!"

Such was the attitude of Maria, and such might have been the wish of any one who is susceptible of tenderness, and whose heart has ever felt the sympathising throb, awakened by beauty when melancholy has given resistless allurement to the features.

"Alas!" sighed she, "how hopeless is this cruel passion, which I have suffered to obtrude itself into my bosom!—But how could I resist the allurements of such a form, united with such merits of the heart, and of the understanding?—Yet I ought to have resisted. How could I expect that a man of Courtney's opulence, would condescend to cast a thought on a poor friendless orphan, whose scanty fortune exceeds not the limits of the humblest competency!—Yet my family was once not much inferior in honour or opulence to his own: and sure the mind of my Courtney is too noble to be swayed by the selfish prejudices of the vulgar crowd. But what to me avails the generosity of his heart, if that heart sympathises not with the emotions of mine. Unhappy sex! forbad at once by custom and instinctive delicacy, to reveal the tender impressions of which we are but too susceptible; if we love it is without hope—while to our sufferings, even the mournful consolation of pity is denied!—But perhaps I merit this misery; perhaps that female heart approaches too near to wantonness, which is yielded unsolicited to the influence of so tender a passion. Prudence, and the opinion of the age, forbid attachment from beginning on the part of the female; but will the instincts of nature subside at the formal mandates of prudence; will the tenderest passion of the soul be influenced by the cold dictates of opinion; can the heart on which nature has affixed her impress, be new moulded by the maxims of fashion. Why are our sex endowed with sensibility? why are we thus susceptible of tenderness, if the softest, the earliest, the most powerful of all the effects of such a disposition is inconsistent with the delicacy of our nature. Of what can I reproach myself, but being too sensible of merit, and imbibing, ere I was aware, a passion, which, with painful caution, I have endeavoured to conceal."

Thus, while the tear trembled in her eye, meditated the lovely Maria Howard, when her soliloquy was interrupted by the appearance of a servant, who summoned her into the drawing-room, to officiate at the altar of Hysonia, informing her at the same time, with all the officious eagerness of a confidential chambermaid, that Mr. Courtney was below with her aunt.

CHAPTER II.

EXPLANATIONS. GALLANTRY.

"And every tongue that lisps forth Romeo's name,
"Speaks heav'nly eloquence."

This speech of Juliet breathes the genuine spirit of love, as the following circumstance will illustrate. It is necessary, before we proceed, to inform the reader of a circumstance which, however trifling it may appear, will be found of some importance at the conclusion of our story. In short, then, the pensive hours of Maria were not a little cheered by the society of one of those little natives of the British grove, who are endowed alike with the power of warbling the notes of tutored melody, and of imitating the voice and accents of man. And, as the name of Courtney, followed always with a sigh, was almost constantly escaping from the lips of Maria, this little starling was not long before it learned to articulate the same tender sound, to the no small satisfaction of the pensive beauty. To the name that is dear to us, we are ever happy to listen; and the tongue which most frequently repeats it, sounds with the sweetest harmony in our ears. No wonder then that the lovely Maria soon grew so fond of a little prattler, that from morning to night was continually calling upon one for whom she entertained the most pure and ardent affection. She fed it with her own hand, she conversed with it for hours, and became as fond of it as the tender mother is of her infant child.

But to resume the thread of our narrative, as soon as our heroine was informed that Courtney was below, she blushed, and with spirits all in a flutter (anxious, no doubt, to shew her dutiful obedience to her aunt, by the promptitude with which she attended to her summons) hastened to the drawing room, forgetting even to give her favourite bird the accustomed kiss, or to shut the little prattler in his cage.

Courtney had been, hitherto, entertaining the old lady with news and politics, for which, like most of her sisterhood, she had a most ardent passion. But as soon as youth and beauty beamed before him in full radiance (for a sudden blush restored the faded

blossom to Maria's cheek) the sprightly gallant began to display his talent for a softer kind of conversation.

"Why have we been deprived of the pleasure of your company, all this while, Miss Maria. We have been in want of your judgment to decide our controversy, or rather of your sweet influence to dissipate the dispute."

Maria only replied by her confusion; but Miss Susannah was more eloquent.

"Her not attending," said the aunt, "is a matter of insignificant importation. The paucity of ideas universally observable in feminine juvenility, would have rendered our serious cogitations unintelligible to her peurile comprehension. Novels and romances would have been more accordant to her ratiocinations."—"Your observations would be perfectly just, if applied to the generality of young ladies," replied Courtney, "but Miss Maria, perhaps very prudently, always avoids political topics, yet, from the little of her conversation with which she favours us, we have no reason to doubt her ability to display the excellencies of a fine understanding upon any subject. Besides I am a little of a physiognomist, and will venture to pronounce, that those eyes do not receive all their lustre from their structure and their colour."

Hope, cheerful soother of the sorrowing heart, whispered Maria that there was an unusual softness in the tone and manner of delivering the latter part of this sentence. The silence too which succeeded, so very uncommon with Courtney in the company of the fair sex, had to her mind's ear a kind of eloquent tongue, which argued the truth of her supposition.

And now, with a trembling hand, and a mind intent on far other worship, the beautiful Maria began to minister at the boiling fount of Hysonia.

If thou hast a heart, O reader! thou wouldst undoubtedly have been charmed, hadst thou seen the graceful motion with which the lily-handed priestess guided the odoriferous streams into those inverted miniatures of the ethereal concave, vulgarly called tea cups; and viewed her pouring out the delicious cream, which, conscious of the superior whiteness of her hand, dived under the teeming lake to avoid comparison, and there testified its envy by the cloudy appearance which it assumed. Courtney had hitherto continued that unusual silence which we have heretofore noticed. But a deep sigh which escaped, unobserved by herself, from the bosom of the priestess, roused him from his reverie—as the reader will see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

THE SIGH. AN INCIDENT.

"By what rule of justice, Maria," said he, "is the bosom of youth and beauty agitated by so deep a sigh?—And why, lovely girl, the melancholy which seems settled on these features? Is Sorrow so luxurious in his taste, that he can be satisfied with no meaner residence than among the riches and elegances which adorn Maria's heart.

"Despotic woe,—how ruthless is thy sway!
"Maria's griefs, too well, alas! display;
"E'en beauty seeks for tranquil ease in vain;
"Nor sense—nor virtue wards the shafts of pain!"

The aunt was stung to the very soul: Courtney relapsed into his former reverie, and Maria began to suspect that she had been hitherto mistaken in her conjectures about Courtney's indifference, and to sooth her fluttering heart with the long estranged whispers of hope. Just at this instant, for so decreed that little urchin, whom ancient and modern wits have conspired to maim and disfigure,—that little urchin whom the Greeks have robbed of his eyes, and whom Le Sage has caused to go on crutches.—Just at that moment we say, in came Betty, panting for breath, and, with a face as long as a methodist parson's, when the congregation forget to drop their money in the plate, to inform Maria that she had let the starling fly out at the window.

In an instant the Hysonean mysteries were suspended; and, without saying a word, the priestess flew from the neglected altar, and hastened up stairs to regain her little favourite. Courtney flew with equal speed to lend his assistance, and Betty was preparing to follow, but her malignant mistress, desirous of depriving Maria of her little favourite, was willing to rob her of all the assistance she could, and detained the muttering chambermaid where she was.

Her malignant design was, however, disappointed. No sooner did the bird, who was perched on the outside of a window, see the fond hand of his mistress held out to him, than he flew upon her finger and suffered himself to be put into his cage without resistance.

Courtney now laid hold of the trembling hand of the lovely Maria, and was going to lead her down stairs. They had got to the door; Courtney's hand was on the lock; when he was surprised to hear a voice, at the further end of the room, distinctly pronounce "heigh ho!—oh Courtney!" He turned round in astonishment. Maria made a feeble effort to withdraw her right hand, while,

with the other, she covered her eyes, and endeavoured to conceal her confusion.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ECLAIRCISSEMENT.

"Whence could that voice proceed?" said the wondering Courtney; but he was quickly resolved. "O Courtney! dear Courtney!" said the starling again. His heart fluttered with tenderness and surprise. The flame which, without his suspecting it, had been long kindling, now burst out all at once. He gazed with ardent delight on the embarrassed Maria: he pressed her hand to his bosom. As for our poor heroine, not the aspin so trembles before the gale—not the rose so trembles on the pendant thorn, when the vernal shower has bent its blushing head. "Charming Miss Howard!" said the youth, with a look and accent of the utmost tenderness, "may I, sweet enchanting girl! presume to enquire if this bird has ever any company but yourself?"—"O Mr. Courtney," replied Maria at length, with a faultering voice, "why do you seek to insult and triumph in the weakness of an inexperienced girl?"—"Perish the wretch whose unfeeling heart is capable of such baseness!" replied he, with the honest warmth of sincerity. "Contempt and apathy be the portion of that man, whose heart does not vibrate with increasing tenderness, when artless beauty, yielding to the sweet dictates of nature, reveals the tender feelings of her heart. But let me read my fate in those embarrassed eyes,—thy sweet confusion,—thy enchanting silence! these are the modest heralds of the heart."

Maria attempted to withdraw her hand.

"Thou must not go, my sweet Maria, yet!—Thou must not snatch from me so soon the transport thou hast given. Heaven make this hour my last, if I love thee not with the purest ardour that ever warmed a youthful heart. Oh! stay and hear me vow how much I love thee!" (A sigh, a blush, an involuntary smile, evinced how pleasing was the subject to the heart of our trembling heroine.) "Dear, charming bird! delightful accident—" continued he. "Pray let me go Mr. Courtney," said the faultering Maria, "my aunt will wonder at our delay."

Thus did Maria, though she could have listened for ever with delight to the fond vows of Courtney, endeavour to persuade him to desist from a conversation the most delightful to her ears: but Courtney knew the sex. He was aware they are not born to command, they generally despise the man who implicitly obeys them. In short, an eclaircissement took place, which terminated with the warmest professions of unalterable affection on his side; and on

that of his lovely mistress, in that soft and modest confusion which, in eloquent silence, speaks the pure fondness of the virgin heart.

CHAPTER LAST.

THE SONNET.

The short season of courtship rolled gaily away, and, as even the malignity of a maiden aunt could start no reasonable objection to their happiness, the torch of Hymen was shortly bade to blaze once more with the bright, but long forgotten flames of mutual sympathy and disinterested affection.

Shortly after, the happy bridegroom, reflecting on the little circumstance which had produced the discovery of their mutual attachment, composed the following sonnet with which we shall conclude our tale.

SONNET TO THE STARLING.

How oft the tuneful bard's enraptur'd strain
Hath sung the praises of the turtle dove!
And Venus' self receives him in her train,
The fav'rite emblem of the power of Love.
If to the radient synod of the skies
The goddess flies, her turtles too are there;
And if to Paphos' happy isle she flies,
To Paphos' happy isle her turtles must repair.
But oh no more, bright power! the turtle grace,
But to the starling yield his envied place:
For, goddess, say, did e'er thy fav'rite dove,
To love, or lovers, half so friendly prove?

II.

The early lark, that heralds in the day,
And gladdens Nature with his dulcet note
Has oft been sung, in many a sprightly lay,
Sweet as the warblings of his attic throat:
In grateful rapture oft the Muse hath strung;
Her heavenly harp, his praises to rehearse;
Who, while aloft, his early praise he sung,
Wak'd her to all the charms of varied verse.
But oh! the lark no more, ye Muses praise,
For, lo! the starling claims your fondest lays:
Sweet bird! whose voice did late the herald prove,
That wak'd my soul to tenderness and love!

T. AYRETON.

OLLA PODRIDA.

NUMBER V.

Comus, to borrow the language of a sister art, possesses an Ionic simplicity, and a Doric sweetness that is truly enchanting; the celebrated Horace Walpole observes well, that Milton's tenderness always imprints ideas as graceful as Guido's Madonnas, and the L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, and Comus, may be personified by the three Graces. As a drama, it is, however, certainly deficient; the dialogue is too much extended, and excites too little interest; and to be known to advantage, it must be read rather than exhibited. If the Paradise Lost resembles the ocean infuriate by a storm, and the Paradise Regained, a smooth and gentle river, that brings both health and happiness, Comus is like a rill, that sometimes bubbles over pebbles, and sometimes creeping under the mossy rock, charms every listener to repose with its pleasing murmurs. The first partakes of the wild sublimity of Angelo, the next of the mild and tender Raphael, while Comus blends the romantic scenery of a Claude with the exquisite polish and splendour of a Titian.

The outline of this poem was taken from "The pleasant Comedie of the old Wives' Tale," written by George Peele. It seems as if Milton designed it as a vehicle, by which he could inculcate the most exquisite morality, and the most enchanting, yet visionary sentiments; he may be styled with Virgil, the *Plato poetarum, and he seems willing to exclaim with Cicero, "Errare mehercule malo cum Platone, quam cum istis vera sentire."

An ardent love of traditionary fables and legendary lore, had filled his youthful mind with all the enthusiasm that marked the pensive genius of Tasso and Collins, Ariosto and Spenser; his Sabrina is a lady, whom tradition informs us, was the daughter of Locrine, the son of Brutus, who, flying from the rage of her stepmother Guendolen, consigned herself to the flood; the water nymphs, in pity of her misfortunes, bore her to the "hall of Nereus," who, in each sense, dropping in ambrosial oils, made her the goddess of the Severn. In this fable we find the invention of Ovid mixed with the more chaste and elegant expression of Horace; the song of the spirit is most beautiful, and such an assemblage of enchanting images, as we find in the sister's song to the echo, perhaps, cannot be found in so small a compass, in the whole range of English poetry. The moral inculcated in this piece is chastity. Milton was himself a man of the nicest delicacy; his wives were all virgins, and he seemed to think chastity and modesty the two most alluring qualifications of the sex. What an exquisite passage is that

* Elius Lampridius. Alex. Severus, p. 349.

upon this subject, beginning l. 425! He seemed to consider that modesty excelled as much as the Ionic surpasses all the other orders of architecture, in neatness, simplicity, and elegance.

His imagination in this piece, evidently was on the wing; the most sportive genius, the same varied and beautiful excursions of fancy that decorates his L'Allegro, sports in his Comus; he peoples the colours† of the rainbow, as he does afterwards the ideal waste and gloomy kingdom of chaos.

His general descriptions are extremely wild and beautiful: I quote the following, to explain, in the words of Dr. Warton, a singular, concise, and enchanting expression.

> I know each lane, and every alley, green,
> Dingle, or bushy dell, in this wild wood,
> And every *bosky bourn*, from side to side.

A bourn is a deep, winding, and narrow valley, with a rivulet in the midst.

His compound epithets are equally happy, as "Sea-girt"—(to add *Isles*, by the bye, is a pleonasm which I suppose he copied from a fine one in Ovid)—"Pure-eyed faith"—"White-handed hope"—"Smooth-dittied song"—"Flowery-kirtled Naiades." &c.

Milton's mind was fraught with every finer feeling, which led him to indulge in the various and delightful paths of music, poetry, and philosophy; in these he paticularly excelled, and he delighted in celebrating their influence over the mind and the heart. The effects of music are such, as to take the prisoned soul, and lap it in Elysium; philosoply is

> Musical as is Apollo's lute,
> And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
> Where no crude surfeit reigns.

He makes his poem subservient to the claims of friendship; his Thirsis,

> Who, with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song,
> Knows how to still the wild winds when they roar,

is his musical and excellent friend, Henry Lawes, to whom he addressed an elegant sonnet.

It is impossible to read Comus, without partaking, in some measure, of the Vaticinatio furentis animi of the poet: he astonishes, delights, and enchants us; there is such an elegance of expression, such compression of sentiment, such vivid colouring, and such picturesque scenery, as are truly transporting; his individual beauties are diamonds among pearls, and to search for them, is to dig for gold in the mines of Peru.

MORTIMER.

† L. 300.

SKETCH OF AN HISTORICAL EULOGIUM, ON *The Marshall Duke of Berwick.*

FROM MONTESQUIEU'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

After the death of Charles II. of Spain, King James sent the Duke of Berwick to Rome to compliment the pope on his election, and offer himself to take the command of the army which France pressed him to levy for maintaining the neutrality of Italy. The court of St. Germain even offered to send Irish troops there, but the pope thought the undertaking too arduous, and the Duke returned.

In 1701 he lost the king his father, and in 1702 he served in Flanders under the Duke of Burgundy and Marshall Bouffleurs. In 1703, on returning from the campaign, he had himself naturalized a Frenchman, with the consent of the court of Saint Germain.

In 1704, the king sent him into Spain with eighteen batallions and nineteen squadrons, of which he was to have the command, and on his arrival the King of Spain declared him captain-general of his armies, and made him a grandee.

The court of Spain was infested with intrigue. The government went on badly, because every one was desirous of governing. Every thing degenerated into artifice, and one of the principal objects of his mission was to remove them. All parties wished to gain him; but he would connect himself with none of them. He attached himself solely to the success of affairs; he did not regard private interests but as private interests; he never thought of Madame des Ursino, nor Orry, nor the Abbé D'Estrees, nor the taste of the queen, nor the inclination of the king: he thought only of the monarchy.

The Duke of Berwick was ordered to use his endeavours to have Madame des Ursino sent away from court. The king wrote to him—"Tell my grandson that he owes this act of complaisance. Employ all the reasons that you can suggest to yourself to persuade him to it: but do not say that I shall abandon him, for he never would believe you." The King of Spain consented to dismiss her.

In that year, 1704, the Duke of Berwick saved Spain, and pre-

vented the Portuguese army from advancing to Madrid. His own army was weaker by two thirds: orders came crowding on him from the court to retreat, and put nothing to the hazard. The Duke, who saw that Spain must be lost if he obeyed, constantly took the risk, and disputed every inch. The Portuguese army at length retired, and the Duke of Berwick did the same. At the end of the campaign he was ordered to return to France. It was a court intrigue; and he experienced what so many others had done before him, that to please the court is the greatest service that can be rendered to it, without which all others, to use the language of theologists, are no better than dead works.

In 1705 the Duke of Berwick was sent to command in Languedoc; and in the same year he laid siege to, and made himself master of, Nice.

In 1706 he was made a Marshall of France, and sent into Spain, to command the army against Portugal. The King of Spain had raised the siege of Barcelona, and been obliged to repass by way of France, to enter his own dominions through Navarre.

I have already said that before he quitted Spain, the first time he served there, he had saved it: he saved it again on this occasion. I shall rapidly pass over these transactions which it is the province of history to recount, only observing that all was lost at the commencement, and all was recovered at the close of the campaign. We may see in the letters of Madame de Maintenon to the Princess des Ursino what both courts thought of the matter at that time. They indeed formed wishes, but could not entertain even hopes. Marshall de Berwick was desirous that the Queen should retire to her army; but timid councils defeated his intentions. It was proposed that she should withdraw to Pampeluna, but such a conduct would be fatal, as the Castilians would then conceive themselves to be abandoned. The queen then retired with the councils to Burgos, and the king himself repaired to the little army. The Portugueze got possession of Madrid, and the Marshall, by his wisdom, without fighting a single battle, freed Castile from the enemy, and shut up their army in the kingdom of Valencia and Arragon, leading them step by step as a shepherd conducts his flocks. That campaign might be said to redound more to his glory than any he had made, as the advantages, being derived from no battle, afforded the greater proof of his capacity. He made upwards of ten thousand prisoners, and by that campaign prepared the second, more celebrated still for the victory of Almanza, the conquest of the kingdom of Valencia, and the capture of Lerida.

In was in the year 1707 that the King of Spain conferred on Marshall Berwick the towns of Liria and Xerica, with the rank of grandee of the first class, which procured him a still greater establishment for his eldest son, by his marriage with Donna Catherina of Portugal, and heiress of the house of Veraguas. The Marshall gave up to him all that he possessed in Spain.

Louis XIV. at the same time conferred on him the government of Limensin, of his own spontaneous will, and without any application made for it.

It is necessary now that I should speak of M. the Duke of Orleans, and I do it with the more pleasure, as what I have to say will serve only to reflect glory upon both.

The Duke of Orleans set off to take the command of the army, and his unlucky stars suggested to him that he should have time to pass through Madrid. Marshall Berwick dispatched courier after courier to inform him that he should soon be forbid to come to a battle. The Duke of Orleans set out with all expedition, but did not arrive in time. There were not wanting courtiers who wished to persuade that prince that the marshall was delighted at giving battle before he came, and thus deprive him of the glory with which the victory was crowned: but no one knew better than that prince how to do justice to a rival, and all he complained of was that he was unfortunate.

The Duke of Orleans, in affliction and despair at the thought of returning without having accomplished any thing, proposed the siege of Lerida. The Marshall, who disapproved of it, expressed his reason with energy, and even wished that the court should be previously consulted. The siege however was resolved upon, and from that moment the Marshall saw no farther obstacles, well knowing that if prudence be the first of virtues before an enterprise is undertaken, it is but the second when once it is engaged in. Perhaps had he himself determined on that siege he would have been less afraid of being obliged to raise it. The Duke of Orleans concluded the campaign with glory; and that which would infallibly have embroiled two common persons, served only to unite these two great men more closely. I recollect hearing the Marshall say that the campaign of 1707 was the origin of that favour in which he was held by the Duke of Orleans.

[To be continued.]

TOUR IN SOUTH WALES.

DEAR SIR, *Pembroke, Aug. 8th 1803.*

YOU will probably say I am always tracing resemblances, but last night, in passing over the Towey, the village of Llanstephan, brought to my mind the celebrated town of Clarens, so enthusiastically described by the great Rosseau; whether there is any characteristic resemblance, I know not, but the general picture, from the opposite shore, is truly enchanting. It is impossible to tell you the delight I feel in surveying the beauties of this charming country: the pleasure we experience from picturesque scenery, springs from the titillation of the same nerve as that which excites such rapture in beholding beauty and grace, blended in a female form; in listening to the melancholy chauntings of the nightingale, or the modulations of a well organized instrument; in contemplating a painting, and in reading the more vivid passages of our favourite poets.

We rose with the lark, and after enjoying a fine retrospect of the Castle of Llanstephan, soon arrived at the ferry of Laugharne; the castle stands in the garden of Captain Starke, and is certainly more beautiful than the blending of antique buildings with modern decorations generally are; it was held by Sir John Perrot against the Protector, who discovering the spring which supplied it with water, cut the pipes, and it consequently fell into his hands, and was immediately destroyed. Its architecture is light and elegant, the rooms appear to have been well lighted, and the west gate and window display a most excellent taste.

Five miles from hence we arrived at Greenbridge, and were directed to an excavated rock, under the road, about twelve yards in circumference, into which a rivulet girgles down, and rolls unseen for at least two miles into the sea; this naturally recalled the tale of Alpheus,

> ———————who by secret sluice,
> Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse.*

The country, for a few miles, continued dull and uninteresting, and the roads miserable, with now and then a good sea view, till one of the most beautiful scenes that nature ever painted, burst full upon our sight; as the road descended to the beach, the prospect widened, and displayed one of those landscapes which nature only can produce, and which the most lively fancy can alone conceive.—The town of Tenby rose over the waters, jutting on a promontory with a milder beauty than the immediate objects before us; our horses' feet were washed by the waves, as we approached a long chain of rocks, which hung over and rebellowed to the ocean's sound:

* Arcades.

the wind was rising, the sea ran high and rough, but as we approached the awful and impending rocks, shuddering at the prospect before us, the magic winding of a mountain soon shut out this grand view, and the roar of the waves soon ceased to fill the ear with its solemn sound.

The town of Tenby is finely situated on a promontory commanding an entire view of the Bay of Carmarthen; the castle has little but its shell, which, however, from the neighbouring isles of Caldy, St. Margarets, and Lundy, assumes an interesting appearance; a perforated rock upon the beach is singularly wild. Every object near Tenby partakes that gloomy, solemn, yet tender and pathetic beauty which animates the poet's pen, or captivates the painter's pencil.

There are some scenes in nature, the contemplation of which makes us wiser and better; they ameliorate the rougher features of the soul, soften the heart, and diffuse that enchanting melancholy, the excitement of which is so seldom forgotten—of such a nature are those near this enchanting spot. We left Tenby thronged with visitors, and proceeded reluctantly on the road to Pembroke. The castle of Llantphy, once the seat of the bishop of St. David's, and now making part of the paternal estate of Sir Hugh Owen, has been once considerable, but affords now but little of picturesque beauty.

Memorandum. Some quantity of Ry was discovered here about fifty-five years since, supposed, and with probability, to have been secreted in the times of Cromwell.

In Monmouth and Glamorganshire the beauties are incessant, arising from the variety of hills, dales, woods, and cottages; the latter possessed a peculiar character: the exterior appearance is an emblem of neatness and comfort, and the gardens that surround them, give an animated and pleasing idea of property; all this is for the most part lost in the *maritime* parts of Carmarthen and Pembrokeshire; little is there seen, but squalid filthiness, and apparent poverty, with uncouth and unamiable manners. The features of the women are tolerably well proportioned, their eyes and teeth brilliant and white, but the effect of this assemblage is lost by the miserable filthiness of themselves, and raggedness of their attire.

The road from Llantphy improves, but nothing of particular effect opened upon us, till we hailed the grand towers of Pembroke.

I am yours most sincerely,

MORTIMER.

ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM

THE LATE WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

TO MR. PARK.

Weston-Underwood, Dec. 17, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR,

You are very kind in thinking it worth while to enquire after so irregular a correspondent. When I had read your last, I persuaded myself that I had answered your obliging letter received while I was at Eartham, and seemed clearly to remember it; but upon better recollection, am inclined to think myself mistaken, and that I have many pardons to ask for neglecting to do it so long.

While I was at Mr. Hayley's I could hardly find opportunity to write to any body. He is an early riser, and breakfasts early, and unless I could rise early enough myself to dispatch a letter before breakfast, I had no leisure to do it at all. For immediately after breakfast we repaired to the library, where we studied in concert till noon, and the rest of my time was so occupied by necessary attention to my poor invalide, Mrs. Unwin, and by various other engagements, that to write was impossible.

Since my return, I have been almost constantly afflicted with weak and inflamed eyes, and indeed have wanted spirits as well as leisure. If you can, therefore, you must pardon me; and you will do it perhaps the rather, when I assure you that not you alone, but every person and every thing that had demands upon me has been equally neglected. A strange weariness* has long had dominion over me that has indisposed and indeed disqualified me for all employment, and my hindrances beside have been such that I am sadly in arrear in all quarters. A thousand times I have been sorry and ashamed that your MSS. are yet unrevised, and if you knew the compunction that it has cost me, you would pity me; for I feel as if I were guilty in that particular, though my conscience tells me that it could not be otherwise.

* This weariness, or rather dejection of spirits, seems to have been attended with a nervous fever, which prevailed throughout the months of October and November, and is pathetically described in his correspondence with Mr. Hayley and others. To the Rev. Mr. Johnson (Nov. 20) he represents his time as "chiefly spent in moping and musing, 'forecasting the fashion of uncertain evils;'" and to his biographer (Dec. 26) he declares, "that although *toujours triste*, the year 92, shall stand chronicled in his remembrance as the most melancholy he had ever known."

See Hayley's Life, Vol. ii. pp. 98, 103.

Before I received your letter written from Margate, I had formed a resolution never to be engraven, and was confirmed in it by my friend Hayley's example. But learning since, though I have not learned it from himself, that my bookseller has an intention to prefix a copy of Abbott's picture of me to the next edition of my poems, at his own expence, if I can be prevailed upon to consent to it; in consideration of the liberality of his behaviour, I have felt my determination shaken.* This intelligence however comes to me from a third person, and till it reaches me in a direct line from Johnson, I can say nothing to *him* about it. When he shall open to me his intentions himself, I will not be backward to mention to him your obliging offer,† and shall be particularly gratified, if I must be engraved at last, to have that service performed for me by a friend.

I thank you for the anecdote,‡ which could not fail to be very pleasant, and remain, my dear Sir,

With gratitude and affection,

Yours,

Wm. Cowper.

CHATTERTON'S WORKS.

Mr. Editor.

Subjoined to Mr. Southey's valuable edition of the works of the Bristol bard, is given a copious list of publications incidental to the subjects of Rowley and Chatterton. That list was drawn up, in the way of a *catalogue raisonné*, by the aiding hand of Mr. Haslewood, whose zeal in collecting whatever related to those subjects, has long been known. The closing article on that list I beg to transcribe,

* Cowper had written to Mr. Rose, a month before:---" Johnson's plan of prefixing my phiz to the new edition of my poems, is by no means a pleasant one to me: and so I told him in a letter I sent him from Eartham, in which I assured him that my objections to it would not be easily surmounted. But if you judge that it may really have an effect in advancing the sale, I would not be so squeamish as to suffer the spirit of prudery to prevail in me to his disadvantage." *Life of Cowper*, vol. ii. p. 96.

† This offer was---to present the poet with an engraving, for gratuitous circulation among his admirers and friends, as an acknowledgment for the critical labour he had undertaken.

‡ The anecdote is believed to have taken its rise from a conversation with the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen, who regretted that Cowper should be employed upon translation instead of original composition, and expressed a wish that he would rather produce another " Task," adverting to what Pope had made his friend exclaim---' Do write next winter *more* " Essays on Man."

for the sake of an explanation, which (with your permission) shall succeed it.

"The Revenge, a burletta, acted at Marybone Gardens, MDCCLXX. with additional songs. By Thomas Chatterton. London: printed by C. Roworth; for King, Chapman, and Egerton. 1795.

"Advertisement. This burletta and the songs which follow it, were printed from an original manuscript in the hand-writing of the celebrated Chatterton, who received five guineas for the composition from the proprietors of Marybone Garden, July 6, 1770. The MS. is now in the possession of Mr. Luffinan Atterbury."

NB. "This advertisement (adds Mr. H.) was written by T. Park, Esq. some time after the work was printed, who seems to have been misinformed on the subject of the MS. It was purchased by Mr. L. A. and given by him, for the purpose of printing, to the late Mr. Egerton, who undertook the superintendance of the press, and which MS. is supposed by Mr. K. to have been lost at the printing house.

J. H."

The MS. here spoken of, I had inspected when it was offered for sale at King's auction-room in March 1794, and I was satisfied as to its authenticity: but, as the publishers had omitted to convey any information on this point; in order to serve Waight, the bookseller, who had purchased a considerable number of the printed copies, and to prevent any misapprehension about the matter; I applied to Dr. Arnold for such intelligence as his recollection might enable him to give, respecting the proprietor of the MS. the sum paid for it, and the certainty of its having been *acted*. In a few days I received the following reply.

"Dr. Arnold presents his compliments to Mr. Park, and begs leave to acquaint him, in answer to his letter, that he remembers Mr. Atterbury's giving five guineas to the late Mr. Chatterton, for some verses or poems, and that he saw the book which contained them at Teddington about five years ago. If the book contained a burletta called 'The Revenge,' it *never was performed* at Marybone Gardens; but Mr. A. had a joint share in the gardens at that time; namely, when he purchased the poems of Chatterton.

"*Sunday*, 24 *Feb.* 99.

Duke-Street, Westminster."

Mr. H. will observe, from this respectable testimony, that the assertion in the printed title-page was not quite correct, though the work was undoubtedly genuine. He will also observe that Mr. Atterbury must have been the original proprietor of the MS. as, indeed,

a receipt which it contained afforded sufficient proof.* The book, therefore, was *bought in*, not *purchased* by Mr. A. at the sale above referred to; and I, in consequence, presumed that it had been replaced (when the printed copy was completed) in its former owner's liberal hands. I now learn for the first time, and with regret, that Chatterton's autograph copy is supposed to have perished at the printing-house.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

August 8. T. PARK.

HINDOO MANUAL AND CREED.

(Continued from p. 94.)

Fasts and Feasts of the Hindoos.

VII. As the Hindoos commence their year in Bysack, corresponding with the month of April, I will note their festivals in the order in which they occur; reckoning from the first of that month: but I must here beg leave to observe that the term Oupass, means a fast; Pourob, a feast; and Poujah, worship, adoration; and when it is accompanied by an offering, it is called Birto Poujah. The Hindoos calculate their festivals according to the age of the moon, and in general adopt its age as the name of the duties to be performed thereon. Their offerings consist of fruits and particular plants, which they hold as sacred; such as sugar, salted cakes, and different kind of flowers and grains; and on more solemn occasions, sacrifices of living animals, such as he-goats and buffaloes, are made.

The first holiday—Oupass.

VIII.—1st.—*Okui Tertia*; happens on the third day of the new moon of April. This day is set apart for bestowing alms on Bhrumons, which is the meaning of Okui. On this day likewise the Bhruminese make the preserve called kassimdi, composed of green mangoes, tamarinds, and mustard seed; it is esteemed sacred.

Second—Oupass.

IX.—2nd.—*Pournemi*, happens on the full of the moon of April; it is appropriated to purifying in the Ganges, and bestowing alms.

* See Gent. Mag. for 1799, p. 385.

Third—Oupass, or Poujah Pouwb.

X.—3rd.—*Orun Sousti;* happens on the sixth day of the new moon of May; it is dedicated to the goddess Sousti, who presides over generation. They address prayers to her either when the morning star first appears or at the close of day, asking for children, and to render women fruitful. On this day, both fathers and mothers generally make presents to their sons and daughters-in-law, and conclude the day with a feast.

Fourth Feast Night—Poujah.

XI.—4th.—*Dossarah,* as the name implies, falls on the tenth day of the new moon of May. It is a day dedicated to Ganga, the god of the river Ganges, who is said to have descended on the earth on that day of that month. It is also consecrated to Mounsha Thaukoorannee, goddess of serpents, and, according to the Shaster, is reputed to be the daughter of Seeb.

Fifth—Oupass Poujah.

XII.—5th.—*Poornemi* happens on the full of the moon of May, and is consecrated to Jaggernauth, the same with Vistnou. It is also called Ausnan Juttra, or general ablution; on account of the duty it imposes of bathing in the Ganges. It is incredible what a multitude of people of both sexes repair at the appointed hour to the borders of the Ganges.

Sixth—Oupass Pourob.

XIII.—6th.—*Rhauth Jattrah* happens the second day of the new moon of June: it is dedicated to Jaggernauth or Vistnou. On this day they draw the Rhauth or triumphal car of Jaggernauth for the space of a mile or so, and there leave it till the ninth of the same moon, when they draw it back again. From the seventh to the tenth, inclusive, they cease to purify the earth, and are not permitted to sweep it or to stir it in any manner whatsoever.

Seventh—Oupass.

XIV.—7th.—*Syon Ekkadossi,* as the last words imply, falls on the eleventh of the new moon of June. It is a day of solemn fasting. They pretend that Jaggernauth or Vistnou, sleeps for four months, implying that the rains happen at this season, and last four months; when they no longer stand in need of Vistnou the conservator, seeing the rains preserve the harvests of grain.

Eighth—Oupass.

XV.—8th.—*Pournemi*, which, as the word implies, falls on the full of the moon of June. It is dedicated to bathing in the Ganges, and bestowing presents on the Brahmons.

Ninth—Oupass.

XVI.—9th.—*Dowadossi*, as the term signifies, happens on the twelfth day of the new moon of July; and it is customary to bathe in the Ganges and to bestow alms.

Tenth—Oupass Pourob.

XVII.—10th.—*Ekkadossi*, *Terodossi*, *Chowtordossi*, and *Pournemi*, that is to say the eleventh, thirteeth, fourteenth, or full moon of July, are dedicated to Joulna Juttrah or Kishen Thaukhoor; they are not ordained by the Shaster, and only the Kettri tribe of Hindoos observe them.

Eleventh—Oupass.

XVIII.—11th.—*Jourmo Ootomi* happens the eighth day after the full moon on the twenty-third day of the moon of July, and is dedicated to the birth of Kishen Thaukhoor, who they alledge was born to destroy Kunksoo rajah, a celebrated Ossoor and tyrant: it is a day of solemn fast.

Twelfth—Pourob.

XIX.—12th.—*Locki Poujah* happens the first Tuesday in the month of August. The Hindoos consider her as the goddess of grain, or Ceres, and pretend she is the wife of Vistnou the conservator. They keep her holyday in the time that the paddy is in ear, and it ends in a feast.

Thirteenth—Pourob.

XX.—13th.—*Aununto Birto* happens the fourteenth of August; and is dedicated to Vistnou, under the title Aununto or unknown; they make him offerings of grain, and the day closes with a feast.

Fourteenth—Oupass.

XXI.—14th.—*Arondah Poujah* happens on the twenty-third of August, and is dedicated to Mounsha Thaukoorany, goddess of serpents. It is a fast, but ends with a repast made of new rice dressed in the morning, and which they eat cold in the evening, from whence this feast derives its name Arondah.

[To be continued.]

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Qui monet quasi adjuvat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Scenes of Youth; or Rural Recollections: with other Poems. By William Holloway. 12mo. 4s. Vernor and Hood. 1803.

The "Peasant's Fate" of this author has passed on, we find, to a second impression, and thereby justified our favourable appreciation of its poetical merits. The principal production in the present volume differs, in its structure and in its subject, from his former well-received work, but is certainly not less interesting. As the intention of the Peasant's Fate was to commiserate the misfortunes of the poor, and deplore the calamities of war; the object of the poet, in these pages, is to draw a comparison between private and public life, and to contrast city and country modes and manners; in the execution of which he has chosen the familiar and colloquial style of blank verse, as the best adapted to suit his purpose. In the same species of verse we pointed out a short poem in his former volume, which we thought was happily conducted. Practical experience has added to the facility of his pen; and we have many delineations throughout his "Scenes of Youth," that are selected with judgment, sketched with freedom, and coloured with fidelity.

The poem is extended to three books, which comprise the following arguments.

Book I.—Subject introduced. Rural Landscape. Village Flood. Childish Amusements. The Castle. The Bower. Man in the Moon. Fairy Ring. Evan the Parricide. Walter the Miller's Boy. Concluding Reflections, &c.

Book II.—Address to Friendship. Thoughts on Society. Solitude and Retirement. Pedantry. Wedding. Christening. Funeral. Mourning. Historical Readings. Effects of false Glory on Greece, Rome, &c. Hubert's Tale. Christmas Entertainment.

Book III.—View of former Days. Bull-baiting. Spanish and Portuguese Bull-fights. Moral Observations. Cock-fighting, &c. Rural Sports. Charity Schools. Sunday Schools, &c. Observations of the Sabbath. Village Matron. Comparisons between Art and Nature.

By those who still cherish a vivid recollection of early years, the following reflections will not be read with indifference, nor will the writer be charged with puerile egotism.

"Strange how, from sportive childhood's mental dawn,
The imitative faculties of man,

The pow'rs and passions ever keep in play,
To constant action form'd:---that sunny bank
Has witness'd oft the labours of my hand;
There, like another Crusoe, all alone,
Lost in soliloquy, I've toil'd, and delv'd
The rude foundations of a rustic pile;
Without the aid of geometric rule
The structure rose, and pleas'd the builder well;
'Twas call'd his CASTLE; and behind, a grove
Of elder boughs, stuck thick along the soil,
Wav'd their broad heads, with coral berries crown'd,
And form'd a little wilderness of shade.
Hence Fancy wander'd thro' the woodland wilds,
Where, to the cruel ruffian's hand consign'd,
By perjur'd uncle, in a fatal hour,
The much-mourn'd infant orphans met their doom;
And oft I queried, as he hover'd round,
Whether my fav'rite robin, ever nigh,
Was not the self-same bird, whose pious bill
Cover'd with leaves the little luckless pair,
And pour'd, with plaintive trill, their funeral dirge."

Evan, the parricide, is a most pathetic and well-told tale; but considerably too long for the limits of our review. Walter, the miller's-boy, is in the same predicament. The closing reflections, however, are too just and too important to be omitted.

" *Mind* is essential to enjoy the scene
Of unadulterate nature. Sage divines
Have oft averr'd---and frequently the theme
Has occupied my thoughts---the reprobate,
If once admitted at the ports of light
Where holiness and happiness abound,
Would find no joys congenial to his soul:---
So 'tis with him, whose bosom is untun'd
To the soft harmonies of humble life."

Book II. opens with a declaration of the author's sensations and sentiments, which regard man as a creature formed for society, and not as a solitary recluse; though he owns, and we think with propriety, that occasional

" *Retirement* is a temporary calm
Which lulls the weary bosom to repose."

His contrast between a rural wedding and a marriage *a la mode*, is striking, and drawn with equal force and truth. The christening and funeral are also highly characteristic: and the modish mourner is censured in a strain of irony not unworthy of Dr. Young.

—— ——— " The fashionable fool
Sighs for a mourning, as a birth-day dress;

It suits all places---revels, parks, and plays;
The church, the ball-room, and the masquerade:---
'Tis *kind* then of our friends sometimes to die,
To give us opportunity to *mourn*!
To show our grace, our gravity, and love!
It is a needful and convenient farce,
Of two long acts, play'd for the benefit
Of those who thrive on human vanity.
By custom led, the poor, too, ape the rich,
And reckless of expences, hardly borne,
Give to their needy creditors just cause
To *mourn* indeed:—tenacious of the mode,
Though penury on their future days impend."

The just tribute to our naval heroes we cannot pass without transcribing.

"Yes, great and gallant men! your country owes
To you a boundless debt of gratitude!
To you, next Heaven, each blessing she enjoys!
By you protected, sweeter are the charms
Of social life—the vernal prospects shine
With brighter hues!—more rich th' autumnal fields!—
Bolder the broad-arm'd oaks that shade her hills;
And prouder still the rocks that bound her reign!"

Hubert, the veteran soldier, is ably pourtrayed, and this book concludes with an admirable apostrophe, on the vanity of fighting for false glory; national justice being the only honourable cause for engaging in national warfare.

Book III. deprecates, with patriotic warmth, the madness of entering into war from motives of ambition, and instances the bloody contests for succession between the houses of York and Lancaster.

The author's grateful exclamation, awakened by our temporary peace with France, and the candid appeal, which follows, to the good sense of Englishmen, it would be injurious, if not criminal, to suppress.

"Thanks to th' ALMIGHTY arm which guards our coast
From restless foes, that thunder o'er the deep!
Thanks to the mercy-breathing voice divine,
Which hush'd the tempest of intestine war,
And bade us in our softest shades repose!
O! ne'er again, while lours the gath'ring storm,
May wayward faction, in the perilous hour,
Delude the public mind: though evil men,
With specious argument, the easy faith
Of partizans persuade---Britons, beware

Their plausive lore! for those are merely fond
Of *innovation*, to a foreign foe
Would tamely render up a nation's rights,
With hope of better days; or fain would thrive
Upon their country's spoils!"---

Bull-baiting and cock-fighting are forcibly depicted and decried; and more humane and manly recreations recommended, to form the British mind to intrepidity. A boyish holiday is beautifully described, when the village school

" Pours out its little inmates---noisy, wild,
And void of care; from toilsome task releas'd
And tongue of lecturing dame; and, happier still,
From dread of birchen rod, terrific shook
High o'er the doltish head."

Rural sports and pastimes are likewise pleasingly exhibited; and a matron of the author's native hamlet is most interestingly set forth. So are the accounts of early introduction to his favourite authors, Bunyan, Hervey, and Milton: nor is his animated censure misdirected against those poets and painters of the Della Cruscan and Germanic schools—

———" Wild wandering still
From Nature's track, in quest of glittering toys,
To deck their brows---affecting to despise
Simplicity and truth."

By those who are capable of relishing the calm felicities of rural life, and by those who have only the means of enjoying them retrospectively, the present production will be valued, for affording a rich variety of entertainment and moral observation. The same encomium may be extended to the remaining pieces in this very pleasing volume, which are entitled—" Edward and Joscelin." " Adieu and Recal to Poetry." " Harvest-morning." " Woodbury-hill:" and " Expostulation to a Bird started in a favourite Walk."

The Life of the late William Cowper, Esq. Abridged from the Quarto Edition of William Hayley, Esq. 12*mo.* 3*s. London, printed for M. Jones.* 1803.

Before we have found leisure to enter upon the welcome task we had proposed to ourselves, of proceeding with deliberate attention through Hayley's Life of Cowper, an epitome of that publication has appeared, and has obtained a previous perusal. As a condensation of epistolary collectanea, which Mr. Hayley has extended through two quarto volumes, to us it forms a valuable essence of biography, and will be thought a desirable succedaneum for the

original work, by those who have not purses adequate to the demands of modern bibliopolists; particularly as the editor earnestly disclaims all tendency to misrepresentation.

"It is confidently hoped, he adds, that no offence will be given by this attempt, to the ingenious author of the quarto edition, or to its liberal-minded publisher: more especially, as, should the present humble effort prove to be deserving of public favour, it will only induce those who are able, to purchase the original work, since any alteration in the elegant diction of the justly-celebrated Mr. Hayley, must assuredly be for the worse."

To the truth of this observation we fully subscribe, with his lives of Crashaw and of Milton warm in our recollection, and with every presentiment in favour of the modern bard and his biographer, which their writings have excited, and the present abridged account of their friendly intercourse has served to increase.

Gleanings in England; descriptive of the Countenance, Mind, and Character of the Country, With new Views of Peace and War. By Mr. Pratt. Vol. III. London. Longman and Rees. pp. 674. 8vo. 10s. 6d. 1803.

So well is the fame of Mr. Pratt established, and so popular have his writings long become, that it is now only necessary to announce any thing new from his pen, in order to secure it a favourable reception. His gleanings in particular have obtained a very extensive circulation. The present volume, though avowedly the last in the series, is perhaps not inferior to the others in variety and effect.

When so many different topics are handled within the compass of the volume which lies before us, no general character can be given, which will apply equally to all the component parts. Some appeal to the heart, and some to the understanding; and not a few are distinguished for that innoxious pleasantry, which has in a manner become characteristic of the author. According to the various tastes of men, some portions of the book will be more esteemed than others; but when, at the outset, we pronounce all without offence in their kind, we hazard no chance of contradiction from any description of our readers.

To Mr. Angerstein this volume is dedicated, and with equal truth and propriety the outlines of his character are delineated. The preface is unusually long, though not tedious. It is a kind of stated account between the author, his critics and readers, and with equal good humour and happy irony gives to each his appropriate due.

The work itself commences with some reflections on the influence of local attachment; and a series of sonnets, written on revisiting the place of the author's nativity (St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire) express his feelings and his regrets. We select one as a specimen. It is addressed to his native stream, the Ouse.

> "WHAT, tho', fair stream, from prouder deeps I come—
> The wealthy Maeze, and the imperial Rhine!
> On thy green bank I find myself at home;
> My wonder theirs, but my affection thine.
>
> Amidst the oziers that enrich thy side,
> In times long past, my earliest lyre I strung;
> At the rude numbers felt a poet's pride,
> And thought thy still wave listen'd to my song:
>
> And fancy smil'd, alas! and I was blest,
> But, ah! how soon thy ready aid I sought,
> Wild with the anguish throbbing in my breast—
> O, God! forgive the still repented thought!
>
> Grief's madd'ning thought, in passion's phrenzied hour,
> E'er sorrow own'd the sway of reason's god-like power."

Mr. Pratt reverts to John Hills, the man of nature, whom he had introduced to our acquaintance towards the close of the last volume of Gleanings; and he now brings forward another character, in the humble occupation of a mole-catcher, whose "short and simple annals" are told in the author's usual style of narrative. The witches of Warboys, in the vicinity of which he was gleaning, are brought on the carpet, and another formidable attack is made on the strong hold of superstition, but, though its outworks have long been destroyed, we apprehend all the ridicule of our author will be unable to eradicate it entirely from the human heart; and when it ceases to be dangerous, it rather becomes the object of pity than detestation.

It is impossible to follow Mr. Pratt through the multifarious topics he has produced: occasionally he exercises the risible muscles; but on the whole we think his forte is pathos, at least there is a large portion of it in the present volume.

Bidding adieu to scenes endeared by early recollections, and which seems to have excited a mixture of pleasing and painful ideas, the author takes an amply survey of the state of British literature, and pronounces a just eulogy on the advantages of a free press. The situation of authors naturally fall under this division of his subject; and, from apparently honourable motives, he is led to applaud that

melioration of the condition of the more unfortunate writers which the literary fund is likely to produce. On this benevolent institution he bestows merited praise, and we doubt not his arguments will be felt in all their force.

Humanity to animals, which all his writings recommend, is again introduced. The narrative of the canine hero is well told, and forms an introduction to the many interesting anecdotes of dogs, dispersed through our author's works.

Though Mr. P.'s transitions are often rapid, there is generally some connection between the subjects he introduces. After contrasting the town and the country, he transport us to the former, and gleans that world of wonders, London, with equal diligence and success. Yet the reader is not to expect a description of splendid edifices and works of vertù. No! he will find very little indeed of this kind; but if he possesses any susceptibility of mind, he will meet with much to please, to affect, and to warm. Neither the gay haunts of fashion nor the deep gloom of a prison escape the notice of our author. Misery in every form comes in for a full share of commiseration; and dissipation may see its own picture, not perhaps without a blush of conscious shame.

With all the ardor of patriotism, he descants on the situation of his native land; and degenerate must be her sons, if they are not ready to echo and applaud his sentiments. But we know they are as high spirited as they are brave, and that they will with heart and hand resist unprovoked insolence and aggression. Yet though our author, in the most animated language, rouses all our energies to war, he is deeply impressed with a sense of its melancholy effects.

"To what," says he, "does all this amount! alas! nothing. The politician knows that such things have always been, and, it is to be feared, ever will be. The critic is disarmed, and, by the deep affliction of the truth, feels the sterner part of his occupation give way. The philosopher shakes his head, and breathes more than a modern philosopher's sigh. The hero almost weeps at the thought of victory; and the real patriot laments the dire necessity of war, even in a righteous cause; but execrates at the same time the tyrant, whatever be his station, whose ambition riots in the blood of man and in the groans of nature.

"But for the man of peace—for the lover of his kind and of nature in her smiles—for you, my loved friend, and for all like you, I enter awefully into the sanctuary of every thought and every sensation. Even at this anxious distance, how perfectly do I in my mind survey the emotions that I have kindled in your heart, and which I know, will rush into your countenance on perusal of these pages,—pages, that though intended to put an end to the gleaning part of our long maintained, though much interrupted intercourse, may yet perhaps never reach your hand. But if they should, you will give a smile of love, and although

I know it will be like the sun-ray of April, chilled by a tear, would to heaven you were near enough, for me to see it start—to feel it drop—even though it should fall upon the hand of welcome, which my heart would outstretch to receive you! We are citizens of the world, and we would alternately rejoice and grieve together. But, alas! swords and cannon, and all the engines of human desolation, which are perhaps again destined to make the

'Green one red,'

draw the rubric line between us.

"But it must be so. The headlong ambition of one man has sanctioned other edicts of blood, and has again

'Let slip the dogs of war;'

to make way for whose havoc, courage, enterprize, and every other great and daring quality, which once seemed almost proud of their allegiance to this man, and might have been all retained in his service, are to be forfeited. Every generous foe will lament, while he raises his arm to chastise his disdain of all reason and discretion, this lust of dominion. What may be the result of the contest, the Ruler of a jarring world alone can tell. Invasion to any *effect* is to be reckoned almost among the physical impossibilities; for various reasons, besides the *one* which is twisted with the fibres of every Englishman's heart!"

On the subject of the charities of London, Mr. P. descants largely. But on this, as well as on other topics connected with national happiness, he reserves himself for a fuller display in a separate publication, which he promises in the course of next year.

"I shall give the reserves," says he, "which are still in the granary, or which may from time to time accumulate, another form and fashion, so that there will be no farther necessary intercourse between thee and the gleaner, in which character he now cordially bids thee

FAREWELL."

What have we to fight for? An Address to the Freeholders of Middlesex, who met at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, on July 29, 1803, to celebrate the last Election of Members of Parliament for that County, on their Duty as Britons at the present important Crisis. pp. 37. 1s. Hatchard.

THIS pamphlet is, we are informed, the production of Mr. Brownley, a gentleman, whose rare and enviable powers of oratory, have frequently delighted and instructed an assembly of men,* whose applause is by so much the more desirable, as it is seldom bestowed without judgment and discrimination. The work at present before us, is equal to the reputation which Mr. Brownley has already acquired by his eloquence; for whether we consider the excellent motive that occasioned it, which does so much honour to the patriotic feelings of the man, or whether we

* A debating society called *The Athenians*.

look to its execution, its animation, and effect, which yield such abundant credit to the writer, we are alike compelled to be no niggards of our praise, but to own that nothing so appropriate or well-timed has issued from the press on the important subject now agitating the breast of every inhabitant of the realm. The more extensive its circulation, the greater and more ardent will be the spirit of the land, for it has, in these days, this christian quality, that it will "*go about doing good.*"

The brilliant fancy, the lively wit, and the acute and penetrating genius of Mr. B. with his thorough knowledge of the world, and the characters of men, added to the powerful fascination of his choice and splendid diction, would, we are convinced, if exercised on works of imagination, afford him a lasting fame, and we warmly recommend this province of literature to his attentive consideration.

The Works of the Right Honourable Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, including her Correspondence, Poems, and Essays. Published by Permission from her genuine Papers. In 5 *volumes. Small* 8*vo. Phillips.*

The public rage for the remains of celebrated wits of past periods, has engendered so many spurious publications, that we feel pleased, where men of respectability, like Mr. Dallaway, undertake to gratify popular curiosity, by introducing them to general notice.

The works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in their present form, are peculiarly acceptable; since, strange though it may appear, their editor with truth remarks, "that not a single production, in verse or prose, hitherto printed and attributed to her, had ever received the sanction of herself, or her representatives;" and at the same time removes all doubt of the authenticity of the present collection, by asserting, "that no letter, essay, or poem, has found place in it, the original manuscript of which is not at this time extant, in the possession of her grandson, the Marquis of Bute."

In the interesting memoirs of her life, which occupy a considerable portion of the first volume of the work before us, Mr. Dallaway informs us, Lady Mary was the eldest daughter of Evelyn (Pierrepont) Duke of Kingston, and born at Thoresby, in Nottinghamshire, *about* the year 1690. Her father being resolved to cultivate the advantages of nature by a classical education; under the same preceptors as Viscount Newark, her brother, she studied the Greek and Latin languages with the greatest success. Of this, her *translation of the Enchiridion of Epictetus, when scarcely twenty years old, was an eminent proof.

* Printed in vol. 1, p. 264.

The early part of her ladyship's life was principally spent at Thoresby and Acton, near London; and her society confined to a few friends, among whom, the most confidential appears to have been Mrs. Ann Wortley, wife of the Honourable Sidney Montagu, second son of the heroic Lord Sandwich, who died, in the arms of victory, during the memorable battle of Solebay, in the reign of Charles the second.

In this intimacy originated her connection with Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq. eldest son of the lady above mentioned, to whom, after a correspondence of about two years, she was privately married in 1712. For more than three years after this marriage, their establishment being limited, Lady Mary chiefly resided at Warncliffe Lodge, near Sheffield, where her son Edward Wortley Montagu was born; whilst his father was principally engaged in London, in his attendance upon his parliamentary duties, and political friends.

Upon the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, Mr. Wortley having, through the interest of Lord Halifax, obtained an official appointment, Lady Mary left Warncliffe, and made her first appearance at St James's. During this period of her life, she commenced her intimacy with Addison and Pope, and was every where received with that universal admiration, which beauty, enlivened by wit, incontestibly claims.

Early in the month of August, 1716, Mr. Wortley having been appointed ambassador to the Porte, commenced his journey over the continent of Europe to Constantinople, accompanied by Lady Mary, whose conjugal affection reconciled her to the dangers unavoidably to be encountered in so arduous an undertaking. Pope, in his letter, written after she had left England, exclaims, "May that person, for whom you have left all the world, be so just as to prefer you to all the world! I believe his good understanding has engaged him to do so hitherto, and I think his gratitude must for the future."

During her journey to, and residence in, the Levant, her ladyship penned those interesting narratives, which contain so lively a picture of Turkish customs and manners*, chiefly directed to her sister, the Countess of Mar, Lady Rich, Mrs. Thistlethwaite, and Mr. Pope.

* These Letters were attacked by the Baron de Tott, who resided many years at Constantinople, and defended by M. Guiss who published a valuable work on Turkey. *Rev.*

Of the publication of the letters alluded to, Mr. Dallaway gives us the following account:—

"In the later periods of Lady Mary's life, she employed her leisure in collecting the copies of the letters she had written during Mr. Wortley's embassy, and had transcribed them herself in two small volumes in quarto. They were without doubt sometimes shewn to literary friends. Upon her return to England for the last time in 1761, she gave these books to Mr. Sowden, a clergyman at Rotterdam, and wrote the subjoined memorandum on the cover of one of them.—"These two volumes are given to the Reverend Benjamin Sowden, minister at Rotterdam, to be disposed of as he thinks proper. This is the will and design of M. Wortley Montagu, December 11, 1761.'

"After her death, the late Earl of Bute commissioned a gentleman to procure them, and to offer Mr. Sowden a considerable remuneration, which he accepted. Much to the surprise of that nobleman, and Lady Bute, the manuscripts were scarcely safe in England, when three volumes of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters were published by Becket, of which it since appears Mr. Cleland was the editor. The same gentleman who had negotiated before, was again dispatched to Holland, and could gain no further intelligence from Mr. Sowden, than, that a short time before he parted with the MSS. two English gentlemen called on him to see the letters, and obtained their request. They had previously contrived that Mr. Sowden should be called away during their perusal, and he found, on his return, that they had disappeared with the books. Their residence was unknown to him, but, on the next day, they brought back the precious deposit, with many apologies. It may be fairly presumed, the intervening night was consumed in copying these letters by seveveral amanuenses."*

From Turkey likewise her ladyship introduced the art of inoculating for the small-pox; an art, by which alone (says Steele†) the memory of its illustrious foundress will be rendered sacred to future ages.

In 1717 Mr. Wortley having received orders of recal, turned his attention to revisiting England. During his residence at Constantinople, he had collected some very curious oriental MSS. (particularly six volumes in 4to of Arabian Tales)‡ and investigating the classical shores of the Hellespont, he procured an inscribed marble, which he presented, on his arrival, to Trinity College Cambridge.

* A statement in which no mention is made of the MS. ever having been borrowed, is given by a correspondent, who asserts that he received it from Mr. Sowden himself, in the Gentleman's Magazine for March 1794, which statement is likewise corroborated by a letter from another correspondent, signed A. K. (probably Andrew Kippis) in the Magazine for the following month. *Rev.*

† Plain Dealer, No. 30, July 3d, 1724.

‡ These volumes were purchased at Mr. Montagu's sale of Oriental MSS. in 1787, by Dr. White: transferred to Mr. Scott, as mentioned by him at the end of his volume of translations, in 1800, and will speedily be deposited in the Bodleian. Vide preface to the new translation of the Arabian Nights, by Foster. *Rev.*

In a short time after their return to England, Lady Mary, at the earnest entreaties of Pope, fixed her summer residence at Twickenham. Here, from whatever cause, their intimacy gradually decayed, and, on the publication of his imitation of the first Epistle of the second Book of Horace, some lines of which were thought to glance at her ladyship, and her most intimate friend, Lord John Hervey, an open rupture ensued.

In this quarrel Pope has generally been thought the aggressor. Both Warton* and Johnson† concur in condemning him; and Warburton himself confessed, that there were allegations against him "which he was not quite clear of."‡ In fact, his attack on Lady Mary surely was illiberal and unmanly, but on Lord John Hervey, from the sketch of his life and specimen of his correspondence Mr. Dallaway has thought proper to present us with, we by no means think his satire misapplied.

From this period nothing occurred materially worthy of biographical notice, till the year 1739, when, her health declining, she took the resolution of passing the remainder of her days on the continent. Having obtained Mr. Wortley's consent, she left England in July; and, after residing in various parts of Italy, finally settled at Venice in 1758. Here she remained till the death of Mr. Wortley, in 1761, when, yielding to the solicitations of her daughter, the late countess of Bute, and after an absence of twenty-two years, she began her journey to England, where she arrived in October. But her health had suffered much; and a gradual decline terminated in death, on the 21st of August, 1762, in the seventy-third year of her age. In the cathedral church, at Litchfield, a cenotaph is erected to her memory.

"Lady Mary Wortley Montagu now (says Mr. Dallaway) appears as an author more fully before the public. How her letters from the Levant became known, has already been detailed; and of their reception, even in 'that questionable shape,' the opinion of Dr. Smollett,§ who had established and then conducted the Critical Review, bears an honourable testimony:---'The publication of these letters will be an immortal monument to the memory of Lady M. W. M. and will shew, as long as the English language endures, the sprightliness of her wit, the solidity of her judgment, the elegance of her taste, and the excellence of her real character. These letters are so bewitchingly entertaining, that we defy the most phlegmatic man on earth to read one without going through with them; or after finishing the third volume, not to wish there were twenty more.'

"The late Earl of Orford|| had been shewn, in manuscript, her letters to

* Essay on Pope, vol. 2, p. 258.

† Lives of the Poets, vol. 4, p. 159.

‡ Life of Pope. Biographia Britannica, vol. v. p. 3413.

§ Critical Review, 1763.

|| Reminiscences.

Lady Mar only, and not those of a more grave and sententious cast, to her daughter. He might, in candour, in that case, have retracted his comparison of Lady M. W. M. with the Marchioness of Sevigné, and not have so peremptorily given the palm of epistolary excellence to the foreigner. He yet allows that the Letters to Lady Mar (those only he had seen) were not unequal, in point of entertainment, to others which had been then published. The vivacity with which they exhibit a sketch of court manners, resembles the style so much admired in Memoirs of the Count de Grammont half a century before; and the trait she has given of that in which she was herself conspicuous, becomes equally interesting to us, as it

"Shews the very age and body of *that* time
"Its form and pressure—"

"Of her poetical talents it may be observed, that they were usually commanded by particular occasions, and that when she had composed stanzas, as any incident suggested them, little care was taken afterwards; and she disdained the scrupulous labour by which Pope acquired a great degree of his peculiar praise. But it should be remembered that the ore is equally sterling, although it may not receive the highest degree of polish of which it is capable. She attempted no poem of much regularity or extent. In the Town Eclogues, which *is* the longest, a few illegitimate rhymes and feeble expletives will not escape the keen eye of the critic. The epistle of Arthur Gray has true Ovidian tenderness; the ballads are elegant, and the satires abound in poignant sarcasms and just reflections on the folly and vices of those whom she sought to stigmatize.—There is little doubt but that, if Lady Mary had applied herself wholly to poetry, a near approximation to the rank of her contemporary bards would have been adjudged to her, by impartial posterity."

To the above clear and correct statement, we have merely to add, that the work for the most part seems to be executed with care and fidelity. The volumes are embellished with two highly finished portraits of Lady Mary, and fac-similies of letters, from Pope, Young, Addison, &c.

The notes contain biographical anecdotes of the principal personages and characters of the times; and several of the poetical pieces* ascribed to her ladyship, are with propriety omitted.

Discourses on various Subjects. By Thomas Rennell, D.D. Master of the Temple. 7s. pp. 365. 8vo. Rivingtons.

Doctor Rennell is deservedly distinguished amongst the preachers of the established church for the originality of his thinking, the depth of his erudition, and the energetic warmth of his delivery. Of the fourteen sermons now presented to the public, some have before been published. Although we earnestly recommend them, through a firm conviction of the healthful and important doctrines they inculcate, yet must we be allowed to lament that Dr. R. is not less dogmatical, as well as that his style is not less artificial and inflated. For many reasons it would be better were it SERMONI *proprior*.

* Virtue in Danger, &c. &c.

Observations on the Constitution of Women, and on some Diseases to which they are most especially liable. By Sayer Walker, M. D. pp. 228. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Phillips.

THIS, and such works as this, afford but one objection, which is, that the simple females who consult them are too apt to imagine that they labour under all the complaints which they find described, and fancying every symptom, have recourse to every remedy.

Hints on the Education of the lower Ranks of the People, and the Appointment of Parochial Schoolmasters. By George Chapman, LL.D. pp. 33. 8vo. 6d. Cadell and Davies.

THE motives and arguments of the writer of this little tract are truly benevolent and praiseworthy; but we fear that the "proprietors of land in Great Britain" are not now "*i' the vein*," and the accomplishment of his good purposes must at least await the return of peace.

A Secular Essay; containing a retrospective View of Events connected with the Ecclesiastical History of England, during the Eighteenth Century; with Reflections on the State of Practical Religion in that Period. By J. Brewster, A. M. 8vo. pp. 414. 7s. Rivington.

THESE ingenious pages, relating to a very interesting portion of time, deserves more attention than we can bestow on them. It is among the few essays that repay the trouble of perusal.

A Picturesque Tour through the Cities of London and Westminster, illustrated with the most interesting Views accurately delineated and executed in Acqua Tinta. By T. Malton. 2 Vols. Folio. 17l. 10s. Sold by the Author, 81 Titchfield-Street.

MR. MALTON'S "Tour" being completed in numbers, has assumed the more important and satisfactory form of two volumes in folio. In information and interest, in execution and illustration, it is superior to any work of the kind.

An Essay, Theoretical and Practical, with copious and easy Exmaples, on the Application of Principles of Harmony, Thorough Bass, and Modulation, to the Violoncello. By J. Gunn, Author of the Theory and Practice of Fingering the Violoncello. 52 Pages, all engraved Plates. 12s. Preston, No. 97 Strand.

"THE subject of the present essay," says Mr. Gunn, in his introduction, "has been ever a desideratum in the study of this noble instrument." To this we readily agree; and are no less of opinion

that the task could not have fallen into more able, judicious, and experienced hands. We have before had occasion to admire our author's science, and are now fully persuaded of the great depth and soundness of his theoretical and practical knowledge. It would gratify us much to enter into a more critical examination of this excellent work, and we should be ashamed of dismissing it thus abruptly, were we not unsusceptible of the feeling of shame, when we do all the good to a deserving labour that the nature of our publication and its limits will allow.

An Epitome of the Law of Landlord and Tenant; including Leases, &c. By William Woodfall, Barrister at Law. 8vo. pp. 240. 5s. Butterworth.

THIS is an epitome of a work of very diligent research and great legal information. In its present form, it is, according to Mr. W. to instruct men out of the profession in such a manner as to "enable them to understand the general rights and duties of *landlord and tenant*," and we recommend it as every way equal to all its pretensions.

Footsteps of Blood; or the March of the Republicans. 10d. or 9s. per Dozen. Hatchard.

THIS little collection of facts, which contains clear and "damning proof" of the villany of the First Consul, might have been very aptly called after the *ambigu*, "atrocious and amusing varieties." Such a course of horror, wantonness, cruelty, and blood, could scarcely have entered into the horrific imagination of a German muse. Its hero, Bonaparte, out-monks the monk, and Moloch, Belial, and Mammon all shrink into pigmies of wickedness by his side. The communication of these things is wise, since a knowledge of them will, at the present crisis, rouse the courageous, and make even the timid bold. *I pede fausto.*

Letters on the Importance of the Female Sex; with Observations on their Manners, and on Education. By Miss Hatfield, Author of Caroline; inscribed to the Princess of Orange. 4s. p. 157. 8vo. Vernor and Hood.

As to the simple question "*of the importance of the female sex,*" there can be no two opinions about it—the world would soon be at an end without them! And were they removed from us, it would perhaps not signify much how quickly that took place. Seriously, these letters are ingenious and well intended, but we confess ourselves rather wearied with *dawnings of light*, and *mental perfection*

in the sex. We are for no mate, *quæ docta nimis cupit & facunda videri.* With this candid and generous allowance then, they must and ought to be content. "*The female sex is greatly superior to the male in mildness, patience, benevolence, affection and attachment. While the crimes of women, like prodigies, excite our wonder, their virtues ocupy every corner of society, and constitute, in its rude or its civilized state, the solace, the cement and the ornament of life!*"

The Lives of the most eminent Painters, from the Year 1250, *when the Art of Painting was revived by Cimabue, to the Year* 1767, *abridged from Pilkington. By E. Shepard, D. D. late Rector of Battiscomb. 8vo. 3s. Jones.*

As an abridgment of a curious and expensive work, these pages may please the advocates of books curtailed of their "*fair proportion*," but we are not of that number: to those who are ignorant, they furnish just enough light to expose their want of knowledge; and to those who are advanced, they afford no satisfaction or instruction whatever.

Calista; or a Picture of Modern Life; a Poem, in three Parts. By Luke Booker, LL. D. 2s. 6d. 4to. Button.

"*There is a saying olde, but not so wittie,*
"*That when a thing is littel it is prettie.*"

"*Argal,*" this poem is *prettie.*

The Picture; Verses written in London, May 28, 1803, *suggested by a magnificent Landscape of Rubens, in Possession of Sir. G. Beaumont. By the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles. 2s. 4to. Cadell and Davies.*

We have a great respect for the poetical talents of Mr. Bowles, and though, in contemplating this "Picture," and that of Rubens, which is, in its line, almost every thing that "*painting can express,*" we find ourselves unable to say, *ut pictura poësis*, yet we think his verses, with all the objections that might be made, by no means calculated to detract from the reputation he has obtained.

Elements of War, or Rules and Regulations of the Army, in Miniature, showing the Duty of a Regiment in every Situation. By N. Hood. Lieut. H. P. 40th Reg. 12mo. 7s. Debrett.

This *Miniature* is drawn according to the authorized system of General D. Dundas, and will, we doubt not, supersede many other publications of a similar description, and prove, at this momentous crisis, of considerable use.

The Stranger in France: or, a Tour from Devonshire to Paris. Illustrated by Engravings in Aqua Tinta, of Sketches taken on the Spot. By John Carr, Esq. 4to. 1l. 1s. 0d. Large Paper 1l. 11s. 6d. Johnson. London. 1803. *(Continued from Page* 111.*)*

We resume with pleasure our extracts from this most agreeable and interesting publication.

Having procured their passports at Havre, Mr. Carr and his fellow traveller continued their route to Paris. Mr. Carr describes every object worthy of notice on the road to Rouen, of which city, so interesting for various reasons to an English traveller, he gives a concise historical account. The effects of revolutionary impiety and barbarism are lamentably visible in the church of St. Ouens.

"I next visited the church of St. Ouens, which is not so large as the cathedral, but surpasses that, and every other sacred edifice I ever beheld, in point of elegance. This graceful pile has also had its share of sufferings, during the reign of revolutionary barbarism. Its chaste and elegant pillars have been violated by the smoke of sulphur and wood; and, in many places, present to the distressed eye, chasms, produced by massy forges, which were erected against them, for casting ball. The costly railing of brass, gilt, which half surrounded the altar, has been torn up and melted into cannon. The large circular stained window over the entrance, called La Rose du Portail, is very beautiful, and wholly unimpaired. The organs in all the churches are broken and useless. They experienced this fate, in consequence of their having been considered as fanatical instruments during the time of terror. The fine organ of St. Ouens is in this predicament, and will require much cost to repair it.*

"I cannot help admiring the good sense which in all the churches of France is displayed, by placing the organ upon a gallery over the grand entrance, by which the spectator has an uninterrupted view, and commands the whole length of the interior building. In the English cathedrals it is always placed mid-way between the choir and church, by which this desired effect is lost.—St. Ouens is now open for worship.

"In spite of all the devastations of atheistic Vandalism, this exquisite building, like the holy cause to which it is consecrated, having withstood the assailing storm, and elevating its meek, but magnificent head above its enemies, is mildly ready to receive them into her bosom, still disfigured with the traces of blind and barbarous ferocity.

"Behind the altar, I met the celebrated prince of Waldec. He who, possessed of royal honours, and ample domains, revolted, in the day of battle, from his imperial master, and joined the victorious and pursuing foe. I beheld him in a shaded corner of one of the cloisters of St. Ouens, in poor attire, with an old umbrella under his arm, scantily provided for, and scarcely noticed by his *new* friends. A melancholy, but just example of the rewards due to treachery and desertion."

* The ornaments of the churches of England experienced a similar fate from the commissioners of the Long Parliament, in 1643.

We cannot resist transcribing the following account of the proceedings of a criminal military tribunal at Rouen.

"On the third day after our arrival in this city, we attended the trial of a man who belonged to one of the banditti which infest the country round this city. The court was held in the hall of the ancient parliament house, and was composed of three civil judges, (one of whom presided,) three military judges, and two citizens. The arrangements of the court, which was crowded, were excellent, and afforded uninterrupted accommodations to all its members, by separate doors and passages allotted to each, and also to the people, who were permitted to occupy the large area in front, which gradually rose from the last seats of the persons belonging to the court, and enabled every spectator to have a perfect view of the whole. Appropriate moral mottoes were inscribed in characters of gold upon the walls. The judges wore long laced bands, and robes of black, lined with light blue silk, with scarfs of blue and silver fringe, and sat upon an elevated semicircular bench, raised upon a flight of steps, placed in a large alcove, lined with tapestry. The secretaries and subordinate officers were seated below them. On the left the prisoner was placed, without irons, in the custody of two gendarmes, formerly called maréchaussées, who had their long swords drawn. These soldiers have a very military appearance, and are a fine and valuable body of men. I fear the respectable impression which I would wish to convey of them will suffer, when I inform my reader, that they are servants of the police, and answer to our Bow-street runners. The swiftness with which they pursue and apprehend offenders is surprising. We were received with politeness, and conducted to a convenient place for hearing and seeing all that passed. The accusateur general, who sat on the left, wore a costume similar to that of the judges, without the scarf. He opened the trial by relating the circumstances, and declaiming upon the enormity of the offence, by which it appeared that the prisoner stood charged with robbery, accompanied with breach of hospitality; which, in that country, be the amount of the plunder ever so trifling, is at present capital. The address of the public accuser was very florid and vehement, and attended by violent gestures, occasionally graceful. The pleaders of Normandy are considered as the most eloquent men in France. I have heard several of them, but they appear to me to be too impassioned. Their motions in speaking frequently look like madness. He ransacked his language to furnish himself with reproachful epithets against the miserable wretch by the side of him, who, with his hands in his bosom, appeared to listen to him with great sang froid. The witnesses, who were kept separate previous to their giving their evidence, were numerous, and proved many robberies against him, attended with aggravated breaches of hospitality. The court entered into proofs of offences committed by the prisoner at different times, and upon different persons. The women who gave their testimony exhibited a striking distinction between the timidity of English females, confronting the many eyes of a crowded court of justice, and the calm self-possession with which the French ladies here delivered their unperturbed testimony. The charges were clearly proved, and the prisoner was called upon for his defence. Undismayed, and with all the practised hardihood of an Old Bailey felon, he calmly declared that he purchased the pile of booty, produced in the court, for sums of money, the amount of which he

did not then know, of persons he could not name, and in places which he did not remember. He had no advocate. The subject was next resumed, and closed by the official orator who opened it. The court retired, and the criminal was reconducted to the prison behind the hall. After an absence of about twenty minutes, a bell rang to announce the return of the judges, the prisoner entered now, escorted by a file of national guards, to hear his fate. The court then resumed its sitting. The president addressed the unhappy man, very briefly, recapitulated his offences, and read the decree of the republic upon them, by which he doomed him to lose his head at four o'clock that afternoon.

"It was then ten minutes past one!! The face of this wretched being presented a fine subject for the pencil. His countenance was dark, marked, and melancholy; over it was spread the sallow tint of long imprisonment. His beard was unshorn, and he displayed an indifference to his fate which not a little surprised me. He immediately retired, and upon his return to his cell, a priest was sent for to prepare him for his doom. At present, in the provinces, all criminal offences are tried before military tribunals, qualified, as I have described this to be, by a mixture of civil judges and bourgeois."

Mr. Carr was, shortly after, a witness of the execution of this offender.

"Upon my return through the market place, I beheld the miserable wretch, at whose trial I was present in the morning, led out to execution. He was seated upon the bottom of a cart, stripped above to his shirt, which was folded back, his arms were pinioned close behind, and his hair was closely cropped, to prevent the stroke of the fatal knife from being impeded. A priest was seated in a chair beside him. As the object of my excursion was to contemplate the manners of the people, I summoned resolution to view this gloomy and painful spectacle, which seemed to excite but little sensation in the market place, where its petty traffic and concerns proceeded with their accustomed activity, and the women at their stalls, which extended to the foot of the scaffold, appeared to be impressed only with the solicitude of selling their vegetables to the highest bidder. A small body of the national guards, and a few boys and idlers surrounded the fatal spot. The guillotine, painted red, was placed upon a scaffold, of about five feet high. As soon as the criminal ascended the upper step which led to it, he mounted by the direction of the executioner, a little board, like a shutter, raised upright to receive him, to which he was strapped, turned down flat, and run into a small ring of iron, half-opened, and made to admit the neck, the top part of which was then closed upon it, a black leather curtain was placed before the head, from which a valve depended, which communicated to a tub, placed under the scaffold to receive the blood, the executioner then touched a long thin iron rod, connected with the top of the instrument, and in a moment the axe descended, which was in the form of a square, cut diagonally, heavily charged with lead. The executioner and his assistants placed the body in a shell, half filled with sawdust, which was almost completely stained over with the brown blood of former executions; they then picked up the head, from a bag into which it had fallen, within the curtain, and having placed it in the same gloomy depository, lowered the whole down to the sextons, who, covering it with a pall, bore it off to the place of burial.

" The velocity of this mode of execution, can alone recommend it. The pangs of death are passed almost in the same moment which presents to the terrified eye of the sufferer the frightful apparatus of his disgraceful dissolution. It is a dreary subject to discuss, but surely it is a matter of deep regret, that, in England, criminals doomed to die, from the uncertain and lingering nature of their annihilation, are seen writhing in the convulsions of death, during a period dreadful to think of. It is said, that at the late memorable execution of an African governor for murder, the miserable delinquent was beheld for *fifteen minutes*, struggling with the torments of his untimely fate! The guillotine is far preferable to the savage mode, formerly used in France, of breaking the criminal upon the wheel, and leaving him afterwards to perish in the most poignant agonies.

" As I have alluded to the fate of governor W——, I will conclude this chapter, by relating an anecdote of the terror and infatuation of guilt, displayed in the conduct of this wretched man, in the presence of a friend of mine, from whom I received it.—A few years before he suffered, fatigued with life, and pursued by poverty, and the frightful remembrance of his offences, then almost forgotten by the world, he left the south of France for Calais, with an intention of passing over to England, to offer himself up to its laws, not without the cherished hope that a lapse of twenty years had swept away all evidence of his guilt.

" At the time of his arrival at this port town, the hotel in which Madame H—— was waiting for a packet to Dover, was very crowded---the landlord requested of her, that she would be pleased to permit two gentlemen, who were going to England, to take some refreshment in her room; these persons proved to be the unfortunate Brooks, a king's messenger, charged with important dispatches to his court, and Governor W-----. The latter was dressed like a decayed gentleman, and bore about him all the indications of his extreme condition. They had not been seated at the table long before the latter informed the former, with evident marks of perturbation, that his name was W------, that having been charged in England with offences, which, if true, subjected him to heavy punishment, he was anxious to place himself at the disposal of its laws, and requested of him, as he was an English messenger, that he would consider him as his prisoner, and take charge of him.

" The messenger, who was much surprised by the application, told him, that he could not, upon such a representation, take him into custody, unless he had an order from the Duke of Portland's office to that effect, and that, in order to obtain it, it would be proper for him to write his name, that it might be compared with his hand-writing in the office of the Secretary at War, which he offered to carry over with him. Governor W—— still pressed him to take him into custody; the messenger more strongly declined it, by informing him that he was the bearer of dispatches of great importance to his court, that he must immediately cross the Channel, and should hazard a passage, although the weather looked lowering, in an open boat, as no packets had arrived, and that consequently it was altogether impossible to take him over, but again requested him to write his name, for the purpose already mentioned; the governor consented; pens and paper were brought, but the hand of the murderer shook so dreadfully, that he could *not write it*, and, in an agony of mind bordering upon frenzy, he rushed out of the room, and immediately left the town.

" The messenger entered the boat, and set sail; a storm quickly followed;

the boat sunk in sight of the pier, and all on board but one of the watermen perished!!!

" The great Disposer of human destiny, in vindication of his eternal justice, rescued the life of this infatuated delinquent from the waves, and from a sudden death, to resign him to the public and merited doom of the laws."

The anecdote of Governor Wall may be perfectly authentic so far as respects himself, but we should apprehend that the king's messenger could not, in this case, have been Mr. Brooks, as his death took place under somewhat different circumstances, of which the following relation we know to be correct.

Brooks and Magistre, two messengers, who were conveying dispatches to Lord Malmsbury at Lisle, were both drowned in sight of Calais Pier; they were going in a boat from the pacquet which had conveyed them from Dover, the surge running so high that the captain would not attempt to make the Pier with his vessel—the boat was upset, and all but one seaman were drowned. This misfortune was caused by the anxiety of Brooks, who was ever eager to do his duty in spite of danger. The captain of the vessel pointed out to him the rashness of the attempt, but Brooks persevered, and, by holding out a promise of reward, persuaded some of the crew to hazard the enterprize. The result was the fatal catastrophe related.

The Impetus, A Poem, on the threatened Invasion. By George Van Straubenzee. 8vo. Hatchard. 1803.

Hail! sons of Britain, free-born Britons hail!
Ye hearts of oak, who conqu'rors proudly sail;
The least dismay'd of all the human race---
What dangers threaten which you dare not face,
Whose courage, skill, superior on the main,
View'd Gallia's navy with a cool disdain?
The hoarse waves echo victories long known,
And British seamen for their sov'reign own.
Ye soldiers who, invincible in fight,
On to the battle with resistless might,
Undaunted courage, dangers you surmount,
And many a triumph Britain's bards recount.

Mr. Van Straubenzee thus endeavours to give an additional *Impetus* to the patriotism of Englishmen. We will not say that these are the best lines which the present circumstances of the country have produced, but the freedom and spirit of the versification in general shew that the author's talents are above mediocrity, and the ardour he manifests in the common cause cannot be too much commended.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

Imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis. Cicero.
The Imitation of Life---The Mirror of Manners---The Representation of Truth.

THE DRAMATIC ESSAYIST.

No. IV.

ON TRAGEDY. BY DR. BLAIR.

[Continued from page 121.]

AFTER the view which we have taken of the rise of tragedy, and of the nature of the ancient chorus, with the advantages and inconveniencies attending it, our way is cleared for examining, with more advantage, the three unities of action, place, and time, which have generally been considered as essential to the proper conduct of the dramatic fable.

Of these three, the first, unity of action, is, beyond doubt, far the most important. In treating of epic poetry, I have already explained the nature of it; as consisting in a relation which all the incidents introduced bear to some design or effect, so as to combine naturally into one whole. This unity of subject is still more essential to tragedy, than it is to epic poetry. For a multiplicity of plots, or actions, crowded into so short a space as tragedy allows, must, of necessity, distract the attention, and prevent passion from rising to any height. Nothing, therefore, is worse conduct in a tragic poet, than to carry on two independent actions in the same play; the effect of which is, that the mind being suspended and divided between them, cannot give itself up entirely either to the one or the other. There may, indeed, be underplots; that is, the persons introduced may have different pursuits and designs; but the poet's art must be shown in managing these, so as to render them subservient to the main action. They ought to be connected with the catastrophe of the play, and to conspire in bringing it forward. If there be any intrigue which stands separate and independent, and which may be left out without affecting the unravelling of the plot, we may always conclude this to be a faulty violation of unity. Such episodes are not permitted here, as in epic poetry.

We have a clear example of this defect in Mr. Addison's Cato. The subject of this tragedy is the death of Cato; and a very noble personage Cato is, and supported by the author with much dignity.

But all the love scenes in the play; the passion of Cato's two sons for Lucia, and that of Juba for Cato's daughter, are mere episodes; have no connection with the principal action, and no effect upon it. The author thought his subject too barren in incidents, and, in order to diversify it, he has given us, as it were, by the bye, a history of the amours that were going on in Cato's family; by which he hath both broken the unity of his subject, and formed a very unseasonable junction of gallantry, with the high sentiments and public-spirited passions which predominate in other parts, and which the play was chiefly designed to display.

We must take care not to confound the unity of the action with the simplicity of the plot. Unity and simplicity import different things in dramatic composition. The plot is said to be simple, when a small number of incidents are introduced into it. But it may be implex, as the critics term it, that is, it may include a considerable number of persons and events, and yet not be deficient in unity; provided all the incidents be made to tend towards the principal object of the play, and be properly connected with it. All the Greek tragedies not only maintain unity in the action, but are remarkably simple in the plot; to such a degree, indeed, as sometimes to appear to us too naked, and destitute of interesting events. In the Œdipus Coloneus, for instance, of Sophocles, the whole subject is no more than this: Œdipus, blind and miserable, wanders to Athens, and wishes to die there; Creon, and his son Polynices, arrive at the same time, and endeavour, separately, to persuade the old man to return to Thebes, each with a view to his own interest; he will not go; Theseus, the King of Athens, protects him; and the play ends with his death. In the Philoctetes of the same author, the plot, or fable, is nothing more than Ulysses and the son of Achilles, studying to persuade the diseased Philoctetes to leave his uninhabited island, and go with them to Troy; which he refuses to do, till Hercules, whose arrows he possessed, descends from heaven and commands him. Yet these simple, and seemingly barren subjects, are wrought up with so much art by Sophocles, as to become very tender and affecting.

Among the moderns, much greater variety of events has been admitted into tragedy. It has become more the theatre of passion than it was among the ancients. A greater display of characters is attempted; more intrigue and action are carried on; our curiosity is more awakened, and more interesting situations arise. This variety is, upon the whole, an improvement on tragedy; it renders the entertainment both more animated and more instructive; and

when kept within due bounds, may be perfectly consistent with unity of subject. But the poet must, at the same time, beware of not deviating too far from simplicity in the construction of this fable. For if he overcharges it with action and intrigue, it becomes perplexed and embarrassed; and, by consequence, loses much of its effect. Congreve's "Mourning Bride," a tragedy, otherwise far from being void of merit, fails in this respect; and may be given as an instance of one standing in perfect opposition to the simplicity of the ancient plots. The incidents succeed one another too rapidly. The play is too full of business. It is difficult for the mind to follow and comprehend the whole series of events; and, what is the greatest fault of all, the catastrophe, which ought always to be plain and simple, is brought about in a manner too artificial and intricate.

Unity of action must not only be studied in the general construction of the fable, or plot, but must regulate the several acts and scenes, into which the play is divided.

The division of every play, into five acts, has no other foundation than common practice, and the authority of Horace:

> Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu
> Fabula——— DE ARTE POET.*

It is a division purely arbitrary. There is nothing in the nature of the composition which fixes this number rather than any other; and it had been much better if no such number had been ascertained, but every play had been allowed to divide itself into as many parts, or intervals, as the subject naturally pointed out. On the Greek stage, whatever may have been the case on the Roman, the division by acts was totally unknown. The word act never once occurs in Aristotle's poetics, in which he defines exactly every part of the drama, and divides it into the beginning, the middle, and the end; or, in his own words, into the prologue, the episode, and the exode. The Greek tragedy was, indeed, one continued representation, from beginning to end. The stage was never empty, nor the curtain let fall. But, at certain intervals, when the actors retired, the chorus continued and sung. Neither do these songs of the chorus divide the Greek tragedies into five portions, similar to our acts; though some of the commentators have endeavoured to force them into this office. But it is plain, that the intervals at which the chorus sung, are extremely unequal and irregular, suited to the

* If you would have your play deserve success,
Give it five acts complete, nor more, nor less. *Francis.*

occasion and the subject; and would divide the play sometimes into three, sometimes into seven or eight acts.*

As practice has now established a different plan on the modern stage, has divided every play into five acts, and made a total pause in the representation at the end of each act, the poet must be careful that this pause shall fall in a proper place; where there is a natural pause in the action; and where, if the imagination has any thing to supply, that is not represented on the stage, it may be supposed to have been transacted during the interval.

The first act ought to contain a clear exposition of the subject. It ought to be so managed as to awaken the curiosity of the spectators; and, at the same time, to furnish them with materials for understanding the sequel. It should make them acquainted with the personages who are to appear, with their several views and interests, and with the situation of affairs at the time when the play commences. A striking introduction, such as the first speech of Almeria, in the Mourning Bride, and that of Lady Randolph, in Douglas, produces a happy effect; but this is what the subject will not always admit. In the ruder times of dramatic writing, the exposition of the subject was wont to be made by a prologue, or by a single actor appearing, and giving full and direct information to the spectators. Some of Æschylus's and Euripides's plays are opened in this manner. —Such an introduction is extremely inartificial, and therefore is now totally abolished, and the subject made to open itself by conversation, among the first actors who are brought upon the stage.

During the course of the drama, in the second, third, and fourth acts, the plot should gradually thicken. The great object which the poet ought here to have in view, is, by interesting us in his story, to keep our passions always awake. As soon as he allows us to languish, there is no more tragic merit. He should, therefore, introduce no personages but such as are necessary for carrying on the action. He should contrive to place those whom he finds it proper to introduce, in the most interesting situations. He should have no scenes of idle conversation, or mere declamation. The action of the play ought to be always advancing; and, as it advances, the suspense, and the concern of the spectators, to be raised more and more. This is the great excellency of Shakespeare, that his scenes are full of sentiment and action, never of mere discourse; whereas, it is often a fault of the best French tragedians, that they allow the action to languish for the sake of a long and artful dia-

* See the dissertation prefixed to Franklin's translation of Sophocles.

logue. Sentiment, passion, pity, and terror, should reign throughout a tragedy. Every thing should be full of movements. An useless incident, or an unnecessary conversation, weakens the interest which we take in the action, and renders us cold and inattentive.

The fifth act is the seat of the catastrophe, or the unravelling of the plot, in which we always expect the art and genius of the poet to be most fully displayed. The first rule concerning it, is, that it be brought about by probable and natural means. Hence all unravellings which turn upon disguised habits, rencounters by night, mistakes of one person for another, and other such theatrical and romantic circumstances, are to be condemned as faulty. In the next place, the catastrophe ought always to be simple; to depend on few events, and to include but few persons. Passion never rises so high when it is divided among many objects, as when it is directed towards one, or a few. And it is still more checked, if the incidents be so complex and intricate, that the understanding is put on the stretch to trace them, when the heart should be wholly delivered up to emotion. The catastrophe of the Mourning Bride, as I formerly hinted, offends against both these rules. In the last place, the catastrophe of a tragedy ought to be the reign of pure sentiment and passion. In proportion as it approaches, every thing should warm and glow. No long discourses; no cold reasonings; no parade of genius, in the midst of those solemn and awful events, that close some of the great revolutions of human fortune. There, if any where, the poet must be simple, serious, pathetic; and speak no language but that of nature.

The ancients were fond of unravellings, which turned upon what is called, an "Anagnorisis," or, a discovery of some person to be different from what he was taken to be. When such discoveries are artfully conducted, and produced in critical situations, they are extremely striking; such as that famous one in Sophocles, which makes the whole subject of his Œdipus Tyrannus, and which is, undoubtedly, the fullest of suspense, agitation, and terror, that ever was exhibited on any stage. Among the moderns, two of the most distinguished Anagnorises, are those contained in Voltaire's Merope, and Mr. Home's Douglas; both of which are great masterpieces of the kind.

It is not essential to the catastrophe of a tragedy, that it should end unhappily. In the course of the play there may be sufficient agitation and distress, and many tender emotions raised by the sufferings and dangers of the virtuous, though, in the end, good men

are rendered successful. The tragic spirit, therefore, does not want scope upon this system; and, accordingly, the Athalie of Racine, and some of Voltaire's finest plays, such as Alzire, Merope, and the Orphan of China, with some few English tragedies likewise, have a fortunate conclusion. But, in general, the spirit of tragedy, especially of English tragedy, leans more to the side of leaving the impression of virtuous sorrow, full and strong upon the heart.

A question, intimately connected with this subject, and which has employed the speculations of several philosophical critics, naturally occurs here: how it comes to pass that those emotions of sorrow, which tragedy excites, afford any gratification to the mind? For, is not sorrow, in its nature, a painful passion? Is not real distress often occasioned to the spectators, by the dramatic representations at which they assist? Do we not see their tears flow? and yet, while the impression of what they have suffered, remains upon their minds, they again assemble in crowds, to renew the same distresses. The question is not without difficulty, and various solutions of it have been proposed by ingenious men.* The most plain and satisfactory account of the matter, appears to be the following. By the wise and gracious constitution of our nature, the exercise of all the social passions is attended with pleasure. Nothing is more pleasing and grateful, than love and friendship.—Wherever man takes a strong interest in the concerns of his fellow creatures, an internal satisfaction is made to accompany the feeling. Pity, or compassion, in particular, is, for wise ends, appointed to be one of the strongest instincts of our frame, and is attended with a peculiar attractive power. It is an affection which cannot but be productive of some distress, on account of the sympathy with the sufferers, which it necessarily involves. But, as it includes benevolence and friendship, it partakes, at the same time, of the agreeable and pleasing nature of those affections. The heart is warmed by kindness and humanity, at the same moment at which it is afflicted by the distresses of those with whom it sympathises: and the pleasure arising from those kind emotions, prevails so much in the mixture, and so far counterbalances the pain, as to render the state of the mind, upon the whole, agreeable. At the same time, the immediate pleasure, which always goes along with the operation of the benevolent and sympathetic affections, derives an addition from

* See Dr. Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric, Book I. ch. xi. where an account is given of the hypotheses of different critics on this subject, and where one is proposed with which, in the main, I agree.---See also Lord Kaimes's Essays on the Principles of Morality, Essay I. And Mr. David Hume's Essay on Tragedy.

the approbation of our own minds. We are pleased with ourselves, for feeling as we ought, and for entering, with proper sorrow, into the concerns of the afflicted. In tragedy, besides, other adventitious circumstances concur to diminish the painful part of sympathy, and to increase the satisfaction attending it. We are, in some measure, relieved, by thinking that the cause of our distress is feigned, not real; and we are also gratified by the charms of poetry, the propriety of sentiment and language, and the beauty of action. From the concurrence of these causes, the pleasure which we receive from tragedy, notwithstanding the distress it occasions, seems to me to be accounted for in a satisfactory manner. At the same time, it is to be observed, that, as there is always a mixture of pain in the pleasure, that pain is capable of being so much heightened, by the representation of incidents extremely direful, as to shock our feelings, and to render us averse, either to the reading of such tragedies, or to the beholding of them upon the stage.

SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKSPEARE.

KING RICHARD II.

"Some of those branches by the destĭnies cut."

And again,

"One flourĭshing branch of his most royal root."

This is an exuberance of the metre, which, not too often recurring, is a grace, rather than a blemish, to the verse. Milton makes more frequent and happy use of it, than any other of our poets.

"Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die."

This line is inharmonious; and (without a redundant ending) comprises eleven syllables; yet the fault is not hypermetrical, for the addition of another syllable at the beginning, would render it unexceptionable.

"(And) desŏlate, desŏlate, will I hence and die."

"To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle,
"Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep,
"Which so rouz'd up——
"Might fright fair peace," &c.

This is sad confusion, which Mr. Steevens has not, I suspect, completely reconciled. "Gentle Sleep (says he) rouzed up, becomes

discord; and under that metamorphose, is qualified to fright fair Peace." i. e. Peace changes, or is made to change her character, for the sake of frightening *herself*. The passage seems to be a "ravelled sleeve of ideas," which the poet did not take the trouble to "knit up." Both sense and concord require some arrangement, like this—

"To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle,
"Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep,
"*But* so rouz'd up, with boisterous untun'd arms,
"With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
"Might from our quiet confines *frighted fly*."

"O who can hold a fire in his hand,
"By thinking on the frosty Caucasus."

A sentiment resembling this, occurs in Romeo and Juliet:

"He that is stricken blind cannot forget
"The precious treasure of his eyesight lost."

The office, indeed, of the imagination in the distinct instances, is reversed; in one it is active, in the other passive—here it is required to produce an effect, there to resist a consequence.

ACT II.

———"inky blots."

Mr. Steevens wishes to read "bolts," but that meaning, besides the want of authority, seems very harsh; *inky blots*, I believe, refers to the disgraceful conveyance of the kingdom's revenues to the Earl of Wiltshire; to the "rotten parchment bonds."

"That sun that warms you here, shall shine on me."

A similar consolation did Richard the Third find, in contemplating the gloominess of the sky, previous to the battle of Bosworth Field.

———"what is that to me
"More than to Richmond? for the self same Heaven
"That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him."

"The fly-slow hours shall not determinate."

Why the arbitrary change, by Mr. Pope, of "fly slow," from "slie slow," in the old copies, should be adopted by the last editor, I am at a loss to guess: there is a violent incongruity in the compound "fly-slow," slowness and flight being directly opposite ideas, whereas, "sly slow hours," is perfectly in our poet's manner: the

hours which pass imperceptibly and deceitfully away, as in another place, (As you like it) we find, "the creeping hours of time," and again, more appositely, in King Richard the Third, "the *stealing hours of time*."

"Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee."

i. e. continue to live in your infamy, but let not your infamy perish with your life.

"And hope to joy is little less in joy,
"Than hope enjoy'd—"

The first "joy" in this passage is certainly, as Mr. Malone has remarked, a verb: hope, in the second line, for the sake of precious jingle, is put for the object of hope: we might perhaps read,

"And hope t'enjoy, is little less in joy (i. e. in enjoyment)
"Than hope, enjoyed." (i. e. in the accomplishment of hope.)

Mr. Gray, who adopted this thought in his ode on the distant prospect of Eton College, has retained the inaccuracy.

"Gay hope is theirs; by fancy fed,
"Less pleasing when possess'd.—"

It *was* possessed, being *theirs*, but the poet has shifted from hope *itself*, to what was the *object* of hope.

——"ere the crown he looks for, live in peace,
"Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons,
"Shall ill become the flower of England's face."

A contest for a crown can never be determined in these works, without a pun or two; but it is strange that Mr. Steevens should have gone so far out of the way, for the meaning of "the flower of England's face," which is clearly *the chosen youth of England*, and Richard only remarks, that these youths thus mangled and besmeared, will exhibit a pale, or *white* and ghastly countenance.

"Awake, thou sluggard Majesty; thou sleep'st."

I believe we should point,

"Awake thou sluggard; Majesty, thou sleep'st."

"Ay, no, no, ay, for I must nothing be,
"Therefore, no, no, for I resign to thee."

From this and many other instances, it is clear that ay and I were sounded alike; it also hence appears, that a double negative sometimes, as now, formed an affirmative. Bolingbroke asks Richard if he is contented to resign the crown, to which Richard at last answers, I will say no twice; i. e. *I will resign*: this scene is not in the first quarto.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET:

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JACKSON OF EXETER.

By the Lady, Author of the preceding Series.

XXVII.

ONE who can boast no deep discerning power
In MUSIC'S vast and soul-enchanting Sphere,—
Save what perchance to Friendship may endear
The gay, or soothe the melancholy, hour,—
Would fain, O JACKSON, add one simple Flower
To those bestrew'd on thy regretted Bier:
And give to Sympathy the heart-felt tear,
That Thou no longer mayst enchant the Bower

II.

With the sweet, tender, animated Note:—
Notes which the Mind's best faculties refine;
Such as of late o'er SEVERN us'd to float,
And tune the soul to Concords sweet as thine.
But those shall live through ages most remote.
How blest the Poet's wreath, if with thy LYRE it twine!

26 *Aug.* 1803. S. W. L.

TO JAMES BOADEN, ESQ.

OCCASIONED BY A PASSAGE IN THE MAID OF BRISTOL.

BOADEN! expect not critic praise
For what thy gen'rous Sailor says,
Nor sooth a bard's *inventive* pride:
His pathos, on an infant's power,
To calm us in a mournful hour,
Was *borrow'd* from thy own fire-side.

No, Sir, the praise that we bestow,
While we indulge a kindred glow,
Is paid to *nature*, not to *art*;
And, as the tender touch we feel,
Shouldst thou a casual impulse steal,
We think not of thy *head*, but *heart*.

Hatton-Garden, Sept. 14, 1803. J. T.

LINES

Written on the back of a Picture, painted by J. Cranch, Honorary Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c.

WHAT steads the shiv'ring artist, Fancy's fires;
The shadow'd garb—the visionary bread;
Condemn'd in cold obscurity to pine,
Himself unclad, and, "mid the feast, unfed."

J. C.

ANSWER.

WHY, Artist, should thy honest soul repine,
At ragged coat, shin-beef, and vapid wine?
Why waste thy rich-fraught hours in plaints to heaven
For aught it has withheld—or aught has given?—
Fools fatly live to—die without a name;—
Wits greatly starve to—gain immortal fame!

S. Y——G.

North Audley Street.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY-LANE

OPENED on Saturday, the 10th of September, with *Pizarro*, for the Patriotic Fund. The receipts amounted to £. 537 3 6.

The alterations in the company are as we mentioned in a former number.—Mr. Johnstone, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston, are obtained in exchange for Mr. Charles Kemble, and Mrs. Glover. Sedgwick, who though not dead, as the papers announced, is in an alarming state of health, is succeeded by a Mr. Burrows, a good bass singer from the Circus.

Mr. Johnstone made his appearance in *Murtoch Delany*, and was prodigiously applauded on his entrance. The Drury-Lane managers have certainly never made an acquisition of more real importance. Mr. H. Johnston appeared in *Douglas*, and his wife in *Amelia Wildenhaim*, the characters that first introduced them to the public.

Mr. Sheridan's farce of the *Camp*, so applicable at the present moment, and the masque of *Arthur and Emmeline*, are announced for speedy performance. One of the earliest novelties, will most probably be a comedy from Mr. Allingham. Mr. Holman, we believe, has also a comedy accepted, and another is rather expected from the powerful pen of the author of *Speed the Plough*.—Cobb's opera will be composed by Mazzinghi, and not Mr. Kelly, as mentioned in our last. Mr. Kelly, however, has some musical pieces in preparation.

COVENT-GARDEN

OPENED on Monday the 12th of September, with *Speed the Plough.* Mr. C. Kemble, and Mrs. Gibbs, followed Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston, in Henry, and Miss Blandford; the rest of the characters remain in *statu quo.* The alterations and improvements in the theatre, evince great judgment and taste. The ground of the boxes, to which there is an entrance from Bow Street, is a beautiful green. The pannels are white, with a gold bordering. The new private boxes are in the third tier, and consist of seven on each side, extending from the box over the stage, to the gallery, with a narrow gold lattice projecting between each. An upper box has been added on each side, to those over the stage door. The gallery slips are converted into boxes, with a raised iron rail, in the same manner as those at Drury Lane theatre. The green drop curtain is ornamented in the centre with the royal arms in gold, the effect of which is very grand and striking. The alterations are a very great improvement in point of beauty and convenience, far exceeding in lightness, elegance, and simplicity, all former embellishments. An address, by Mr. T. Dibdin, was spoken by Mr. Fawcett.

Mr. Cooke made his first appearance in *Kitely;* he never played with more skill and effect, and his *entrée* was greeted with an enthusiastic burst of long-continued applause. Mr. Kemble will appear on the 24th, in *Hamlet:* Mrs. Siddons on the 27th, in *Isabella.* Ophelia is to be performed by Miss Mortimer. Rock, in the way of whose regular engagement it is said there is some impediment thrown by the Scotch managers, is yet announced for *Dennis Brulgruddery.* Mr. Chapman, from the Haymarket, is engaged here, with liberty to hold his situation in Mr. Colman's theatre. The benefit for the National Fund will not take place till November, when the town is expected to be full.

We shall next month offer some remarks on the late theatrical changes.

HAY-MARKET.

AUG. 24.—*The Maid of Bristol.*—A play in three acts, from the elegant pen of Mr. Boaden, was produced on this evening, and received with universal applause. The popular story of the *Maid of the Hay-stack*, has furnished the author with his general subject, but the characters and incidents are his own invention. These are delineated and disposed with the utmost simplicity, and the effect produced by them is natural and interesting. The following is a slight outline of the fable.

"*Stella*, a young lady of Cassel, is in love with *Baron Lindorf*, an Hessian officer. Their attachment is opposed by one of her uncles, and *Lindorf* is sent to America, where he signalizes himself in battle. His letters to *Stella* are intercepted, and he is amused with a false account of her infidelity. Under an impression that she has given her hand to another, he marries an American lady. *Stella*, learning that *Lindorf* is on his return to Europe, quits her friends, and repairs to England, where her lover is expected. She takes up her residence at *Captain Oakum's*, at Bristol, and is kindly treated by him and *Mrs. Oakum.* *Lindorf* arrives wounded, and is brought upon a litter into the house *Stella* has chosen for her asylum. An interview takes place between them, in which she is made acquainted with his marriage. Her understanding becomes impaired by the intelligence, and she rushes out into the field, where she determines to remain exposed to the inclemency of the weather. Her friends proceed in search of her;

her reason returns; and the death of the countess having removed the obstacle to her union with *Lindorf*, the scene terminates by the happiness of all parties."

Mr. Boaden's object seems to have been to write a simple and pathetic drama, unencumbered with the farcical accompaniments which have of late so vitiated and degraded the British stage. While the story he has adopted and embellished strongly interests our feelings, the mind is improved by a variety of dignified sentiments, discovering great felicity and strength of expression, as well as striking originality of conception. His plan affords also, without any sacrifice to consistency, an opportunity of paying a just tribute to the bravery of our soldiers and sailors, and of giving an enthusiastic impulse to the patriotic feelings of the nation. In *Ben Block*, whose disinterested exertions in behalf of *Stella*, render him an object of peculiar favour with the audience, the author has delineated the characteristic traits of a brave, blunt, benevolent tar with admirable nicety. There is one passage in this character so exquisitely true to nature, and so new yet just in its application, that it never fails to affect the audience with the tenderest emotions; we mean the description of the effects of a little child's innocent prattle and artless endearments on the mind of a man depressed by the untoward accidents of life. In our poetical department is inserted a very neat address to the author, from a literary friend, in consequence of this affecting appeal to the sensibility of the audience. *Captain Oakum* is likewise a well drawn character of the nautical school, and both parts were acted with much spirit and judgment by Mr. Elliston and Mr. Chapman. Mrs. Gibbs looked beautifully in *Stella*, and did great justice to the character in her acting. The part assigned to Mathews was that of a pedantic son of Æsculapius:–though a mere sketch, he rendered it extremely diverting.

The prologue was an elegant composition, somewhat marr'd *in the delivery*. By way of epilogue an animated address was delivered by Mr. Elliston, comprizing a most masterly and discriminating character of Bonaparte, and appealing with irresistible force to the patriotism of Englishmen. It is written by Mr. Colman, and since it is impossible for description to do it justice, we subjoin a copy of it to this brief account of the *Maid of Bristol*.

In times like these, the sailor of our play,
Much more than common sailors has to say;
For Frenchmen, now, the British tars provoke,
And doubly tough is every heart of oak;
Ready to die or conquer, at command,
While all are soldiers who are left on land.
Each English soul's on fire to strike the blow
That curbs the French, and lays a tyrant low.
Sweet wolf! how lamb-like! how, in his designs,
"The maiden modesty of Grimbald" shines!
Strifes he concludes 'twixt nations who agree;
Freedom bestows on states already free;
Forcing redress on each contented town,
The loving ruffian burns whole districts down.
Clasps the wide world, like death, in his embrace;
Stalks guardian butcher of the human race;

And, aping the fraternity of Cain,
Man is his brother---only to be slain.
And must Religion's mantle be profan'd
To cloak the crimes with which an atheist's stain'd!
Yes;---the mock saint, in holy motley dress'd,
Devotion's Public Ledger stands confess'd;---
Of every, and no faith, beneath the sun:---
"Open to all, and influenced by none;"
Ready he waits, to be, or not to be,
Rank unbeliever, or staunch devotee.
Now Christians' deaths in Christian zeal he works,
Now worships Mahomet to murder Turks;
Now tears the creed, to give free-thinking scope,
Now dubb'd "Thrice Catholic," he strips a pope.---
A mongrel mussulman, of papal growth,
Mufti and monk, now neither, or now both;
At mosque, at church, by turns, as craft thinks good,
Each day in each, and every day in blood!
God! must this mushroom despot of the hour,
The spacious world encircle with his power?
Stretching his baneful feet from pole to pole,
Stride Corsican Colossus of the whole?
Forbid it Heaven! and forbid it man!
Can men forbid it?---yes, the *English* can.
'Tis their's at length to fight the world's great cause,
Defend their own, and rescue other's laws.
What Britons would not, were their hairs all lives,
Fight for their charter, for their babes and wives;
And hurl a tyrant from his upstart throne,
To guard their king securely on his own?

26.—*John Bull* was performed on this stage, for the benefit of that interesting and meritorious actress Mrs. Gibbs. Bannister (who appeared for that night only) succeeded eminently in *Job Thornberry*, and the other characters were supported with much repectability. Denman contrived, even so immediately after Johnstone, to produce a powerful effect in *Dennis Brulgruddery*: his epilogue song was *encored*, and he certainly played the whole character in a very creditable manner.

31.—*Nicodemus in Despair*—A farce from the French, previously acted at the Margravine of Anspach's theatre, under the title of *Poor Nony*, where it was extravagantly applauded, and considered, by the fashionable *wise-acres*, as a most happy effort of genius and taste. Its fate, however, was reversed at the Haymarket, and poor *Nicodemus* (by the way, ought the licencer to have sanctioned a title so remarkably scriptural?) was driven from the stage with every mark of contempt and disgust. Mathews laboured hard to avert the general indignation of the audience, but it was not in the power of acting to save the piece. The author's name has not transpired.

SEPT. 15.—The theatre closed with the following address from Mr. Elliston.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

The proprietor of this theatre has deputed me to return you his warmest thanks for the liberal encouragement which you have bestowed on his endeavours to form a company of comedians independent of the winter theatres.

Your generous patronage has stamped success upon his plan in its very infancy; and the plan, thus established, he feels it his duty to make every exertion towards its future improvement. The next season, he trusts, will prove that he has not been deficient in gratitude, nor inactive upon points which may best contribute to your entertainment.

The performers, ladies and gentlemen, beg leave to join their acknowledgments to those of the proprietor, and we most respectfully bid you farewell.

16.—The house was again opened for the benefit of Mr. Waldron, the worthy and respectable prompter to this theatre. The performances were *Henry V.* and *Love laughs at Lock-smiths.*

BERMONDSEY SPA.

From the numbers of galas, and the large attendance, the proprietor must have had a most favourable season. He certainly deserves encomium for the liberality which he has shewn in decorating this minor Vauxhall. The Orchestra is ably filled: among them we noticed Mr. Griesbach, on the flute, and Mr. Litolf, on the violin; nor should we do justice to promising talents in blossom, did we not mention with praise the singing of Master Kellner.

The proprietor has expended much money in rendering this place pleasant. In the gardens there is no offensive odour from the tanneries, and when the trees shall have grown larger, and formed a thicker foliage, the promenade will be little inferior, "if we may compare small things to great," to its rival gardens.

The fireworks are equal to any we ever witnessed, and the band of music from the water was given with great effect.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

Theatre Royal Brighton.---The theatre has been better attended, as the evenings grew longer. Munden played a few nights for a benefit, and Mr. Farley, who performed *Tom Tick, Goldfinch, Young Rapid,* and *Jack Junk,* in a most creditable manner, to Munden's Post Obit, Dornton, Old Rapid, and Captain Bertram, had an overflowing house, for his benefit, on Saturday, Sept. 17, when Incledon, Munden, Blanchard and Emery, gave their powerful assistance. Mr. Bannister, junr. performed the preceding evening to a crowded theatre, for the benefit of his sister, Mrs. Swendall. Quick and Kelly are engaged for a few evenings. They commenced with *Lionel* and *Sir John Oldboy.*

Theatre Royal Liverpool.---Some gentlemen amateurs, among whom Captain Colquitt of the Guards, and his brother, a Captain in the navy, particularly distinguished themselves, performed *Macbeth* for the fund at Lloyd's: the receipts exceeded £.300. The benefits have been in general very productive;

Emery and Mrs. Glover were peculiarly fortunate; the latter had the advantage of Prince William of Gloucester's first visit to the theatre. Lady Perrot, and Mrs. Mara, have succeeded the London performers. Braham and Storace are now here; and Mr. and Mrs. Mathews from the Haymarket, who are engaged for the whole winter season.

Theatre Royal PLYMOUTH.—The management, and indeed the entire property of this theatre having devolved on Messrs. Winston and Smith, by purchase, they have this season, under circumstances of various disadvantage, rendered the concern very productive. The company is one of the most respectable. Winston, as has been before observed, has infinite merit in the comic line. In addition to Caleb Quotem, mentioned by us last month, his Jobson stands very prominent. His Job Thornberry possesses the bluntness peculiar to the part; and, in all the characters he performs, he displays much judgment and discrimination. We were highly pleased with the correct representation of Denis Brulgruddery, by Mr. Smith. He had studied the part with care, and gave all the points with admirable effect. Mrs. Smith, (late Miss Dixon) gives a vocal consequence to the company, not often possessed out of London. This lady's acting is much esteemed. Miss Grant, we believe a native of this country, is an actress of great promise in the simple and unaffected style of characters. This young lady possesses most of the requisites to ensure excellence:—let her, however, beware of flattery. Mrs. Winston also stands high in our estimation. Egerton hath visited us from Bath. He is a good figure, and, in many of his characters, such as *Rolla*, *Ranger*, &c. and indeed *Tom Shuffleton*, exhibits considerable talents. Miss Mellon remained with us a short time: she was a great favourite, and our spirited town rewarded her efforts by a bumper on her benefit night. Jefferson—the easy, the affable, and the accomplished veteran—the contemporary of Garrick and of Henderson, of Barry, Wilkinson, and Foote—had his annual night, which was well attended. Next season the theatre is to be rebuilt upon a splendid and most magnificent scale, a plan of which is now exhibited at the booksellers' shops in Plymouth.

Theatre Royal WEYMOUTH.—Notwithstanding the absence of royalty, this theatre has succeeded better than could be expected. John Bull has been repeatedly performed with success. Old Hughes entered into the character with great warmth and animation, and with a feeling and honesty, which produced a strong effect.

BELFAST, *(Ireland)* Sept. 6, 1803.---THEATRICAL PHENOMENON.---"Mr. Editor,---Your useful and entertaining Magazine being the most fashionable one now extant, through which any extraordinary intelligence, dramatica, is conveyed to the literary and polite world, I trust you will not hesitate to communicate the appearance, on our stage, of A WONDERFUL THEATRICAL PHENOMENON! About a fortnight ago, the advertisements announced to the public the performance of Aaron Hills *Zara*, the part of Osman to be undertaken by a young gentleman *only eleven years old*. Curiosity, of course, brought together a very genteel audience. The young sultan soon made his entre with all the parade of oriental pomp. The attendants dismissed, the dialogue commenced. Like an

electrcial shock, every countenance changed, and the most serious and silent attention visibly appeared in every countenance.

His reasoning with Nerestan, why he should not deliver up Lusignan, was bold and manly, while his pity for the unhappy monarch was expressed in a manner truly pathetic. From this the transition to the firm and resolute (speaking of Zara) was incomparable. His receiving and reading the letter was very natural, and shewed the prince. The ironical manner of his upbraiding Zara, afterwards, while a multiplicity of passions seemed struggling in his bosom, would have done honour to the first tragedian on the stage. In a word, the whole was far superior to any thing that could possibly be conceived, and the frequent interruptions given to the performance, by loud and reiterated bursts of applause, testified how agreeably the audience had been disappointed. He was announced to personate the character of Young Norval, on the ensuing evening. This was received with the loudest acclamations.

The noise he had made through the town, brought together another brilliant assemblage, but with different sentiments than on the former night:—then we went prepossessed against a representation that appeared to us in a light highly ridiculous—now, to behold an effort of *the most astonishing natural genius the world ever produced.* To use the author's own words, he was

——— ———" Mild with the mild,
" But with the froward he was fierce as fire."

His manner of informing Lord Randolph who and what he was, was indeed beautiful; and when the chief replied

———————" Was ever tale
" With such a gallant modesty rehears'd ?"

the whole audience approved, like a sudden clap of thunder. The scene where his mother discovered herself to him was so truly affecting that there was scarce a dry eye in the theatre:—his breaks were bold and natural, and received that warm applause they so well deserved. The scene with Glenalvon was indeed a master piece. The gentleman who performed this character appeared to be the best tragedian of the company, but the "young and blooming Norval soon made him shrink"—not "beneath his sword," but beneath his *grace, action,* and *forcible manner of delivery.* His speaking these lines—

———" I'll tell thee—what thou art—
" I know thee well"—

was far beyond any thing I ever heard.

His third appearance was in the Peruvian hero, *Rolla!* We have had several who were accounted capital performers in this character, but the best judges here allow this *young Roscius* to stand foremost on the list. The hero's famous speech to animate the soldiers to repel their invaders, was delivered with grace and energy, and at the same time with the nicest discrimination. His scenes with Alonzo, Elvira, and Pizarro were more natural, and by far better acted, than by any other Rolla I ever saw. The manner of his taking the child was much admired. Perhaps his strength would not permit him to take it in the unnatural manner all the other Rollas do. I say unnatural,—for can any person suppose that the amiable and humane Rolla, who loves Alonzo and Cora with such affection, and so dotes on their child, that he condescends to prostrate

himself to Pizarro for its preservation—I say, is it reasonable to suppose that this great hero should rudely seize the beloved infant by one arm, and run the risk of dislocation, by swinging it over his head, as Tallyho the huntsman would a dead fox after a hard chace—and " all for what?"—to shew his own figure to advantage! Abominable.

His fourth, and I am sorry to add last appearance, was in *Romeo.* Here he was both the lover and the hero! In the garden scene he was modest and highly interesting. Juliet might indeed call him the *Tassel-Gentle*; but I am sorry to say most of our *great Romeos*, as they are vulgarly styled, are so totally ignorant of that beautiful metaphor, that they resemble more the *blood-stained vulture*. The scene with Tibalt was spirited and manly, but that with the friar was expressive of great judgment. All through the last act we never saw grief, rage, and despair more happily blended.

When Garrick and Barry were contemporaries in this character, the critics of those days, while they admired the beauties of both, agreed in opinion that, in the garden and last scenes, the one was as much too tame as the other too boisterous:---our young hero evinced great judgment, by avoiding both.

Report says this young gentleman is a native of Shropshire, but has been in this country a few years, and, what is very extraordinary, he is said to have seen but one play in his life, before he trod the boards himself.

His form is majestic, his action graceful, his countenance beautiful and impressive, and his voice musical and manly. In short, were this rich and invaluable flower but taken from its present *barren*, and carefully transplanted into the *genial* soil of London, there to be tenderly nurtured, it would become the delight and admiration of the world, and Britannia might then *justly* boast her own Roscius!

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

CRITO.

Theatre SUNDERLAND—opened, for six nights only, on Monday, July 18th, in order to display the powers of Mr. C. Kemble and Miss Mellon, who performed Shylock, Don Felix, Octavian, Hamlet, Lovel, Belville, and Count Almaviva.— The Romp, Donna Violante, Lady Contest, Agnes, Miss Lucy, (Virgin Unmasked) Kitty, Miss Peggy, Jacintha, Nell, Lady Caroline Braymore, and Susan.

The present company is the best Mr. Kemble ever brought to Sunderland: it consists of Messrs. Kemble, Bland, Jones, Noble, Kelly, Suett, Mara, Musgrave, Chippendale, Elliot, Robson, Liston (who was re-engaged with Mr. K. after performing a few weeks with Mr. T. Wilkinson) Lee, from the Theatre-Royal Edinburgh, and Lindoe, who is excellent in sentimental characters, from the Norwich theatre. Mrs. Kemble, Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Jones, Miss Jones, Miss Kemble, Mrs. Noble, Miss Benson, Mrs. Mara, Miss Wood, from the Theatre-Royal York; Mrs. Chippendale and Mrs. Lee from Edinburgh.

Theatre Royal BRISTOL—opened the 19th, with Speed the Plough, preceded by an occasional address from Mr. Charlton, for the benefit of the fund at Lloyd's. The house was crowded; indeed, nothing less could have been expected, from the exertions of the liberal and patriotic spirit of the inhabitants of

this city. Elliston, contrary to report, resumed his character of Bob Handy. Mrs. Johnstone, the favourite of Melpomene, and of Bath and Bristol, again takes the lead in tragedy.

New Theatre SOUTHAMPTON.---This elegant playhouse, built on the plan of Drury Lane, has lately been opened. Two hundred persons at least were turned away from the doors on the first night. The theatre is situated in French Street, and the whole of the building has been designed and executed under the direction of Mr. Joseph Slater, of this town. The announcement of the opening was accompanied by the following address from Mr. Collins, the manager.

" In the projection and execution of this building, it has been his most anxious endeavour to erect such a one as to be worthy of the taste and liberality of Southampton and its neighbourhood, humbly trusting it will in no way be found deficient in point of general accommodation, beauty, and elegance.

" He submits the new theatre, then, to the attention of the public, with the most entire confidence in their generous patronage and support; at the same time, respectfully informs them, that the very great expence attending the undertaking, makes the raising the price of admission unavoidable. When it is considered that the summer theatres of Bristol, Brighton, Weymouth, Margate, Cheltenham, and many others, have been long considerably advanced, from the great difference in the price of every article (and that not few) consumed in a theatre; it is humbly presumed such a measure will be considered as wholly indispensible."

Mr. Dowton performed *Sheva* and *Sir David Dunder*, for the benefit of Mr. T. Collins, of Drury Lane, on Wednesday the 14th Sept. Among the company, which is very respectable, we particularly noticed the merits of Mr. Maxfield, Mr. Warren, and Mrs. Leach.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

VOLUNTEER CORPS.—The following is an authentic copy of the resolutions moved by Mr. Sheridan, respecting the volunteers, as they stand on the votes of the House of Commons:

MERCURII, 10 DIE AUGUSTI, 1803.

Resolved, *nem. con.* That the thanks of this house be given to the several volunteer and yeomanry corps of the United Kingdom, for the promptitude and zeal with which, at a crisis the most momentous to their country, they have associated for its defence.

Ordered, *nem. con.* That a return be prepared, to be laid before this house in the next session of parliament, of all volunteer and yeomanry corps, whose services shall have been then accepted by his Majesty, describing each corps, in order that such return may be entered on the journals of this house, and the patriotic example of such voluntary exertions transmitted to posterity.

Ordered, That Mr. Speaker do signify the said resolution and order by letters to his Majesty's Lieutenant of each county, riding, and place, in Great Britain, and to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The foregoing will be communicated by the Lord Lieutenant to the commanders of the several corps, and by them read to the officers and men. The reply of each corps will, it is presumed, be transmitted to the Lord Lieutenants, to be by them transmitted to Mr. Speaker, in order to their being entered on the journals of the house.

A letter from Novar, of the 4th August, states the following distressing accident:---" Yesterday the Lady of Sir Hugh Munro, of Fowlis, went to her usual place, in the Bay of Cromarty, to bathe, taking three of her servant maids along with her; and, as was always her practice, a servant was placed at a considerable distance, to prevent any person from passing that way while she was bathing. Mr. Finlater, a merchant, coming near where the servant was placed, was alarmed by loud cries and shrieks, and insisted on going forward to see what was the cause, but the servant prevented him, saying he had orders to stop any person going that way, and that the cries were only occasioned by his lady and the maids ducking. Mr. F. however, not being satisfied with this, persisted in his determination, and instantly getting into a boat, made for the place, which he had no sooner reached, than he saw the four bodies floating on the water. He soon got them into the boat, and made for the shore. One of the servants revived when in the boat. Medical assistance was immediately procured for the lady, and likewise for the two servants; but though every effort was made to recover them, all proved ineffectual. It is supposed that some of them had gone beyond their depth, and the others, in attempting to save them, shared their fate: but no positive information has yet been obtained from the maid who survives."

An expurgatorial index for Shakespeare has been submitted to the consideration of the Chief Consul, in which sundry passages in Henry V. and other historical plays, are branded as highly offensive and seditious. It is thought that, with certain alterations and lowerings, some of the other plays, not having an immediate political tendency, may still be permitted to hold a subordinate rank, and be acted in their turn after Racine and Voltaire, if ever the French shall get possession of the English stage.

Literal copy of an advertisement in a German newspaper.---" Wanted. A person who will *play the devil* in the new tragedy of *The Count of Lubeck*.—A person of downcast look, heavy brows, and a deep guttural tone, will meet with a preference."

A person of the name of Macdonald hired himself as a substitute in the Army of Reserve, for a parish in Northumberland, at the rate of 3s. per lb. At this high rate of flesh he proved to be of much less value than he expected, as he only obtained about nineteen guineas and a half.

In the mail coach which runs from New Haven, in Connecticut, to Bennington, in Vermont, the passengers pay according to weight: when a *lady* exceeds *sixteen stone* she is rated as *luggage*.

Muly Moloch, Emperor of Morocco, spent his whole reign in devising plans to keep the minds of his subjects engaged. " If a parcel of rats," said he once to the British ambassador, " are permitted to remain in a bag, they'll eat it; but if you keep shaking it, they will not." Buonaparte seems to be of the same opinion with regard to his slaves.

Napper Tandy died at Bordeaux about the middle of August.

When Gen. O'Kelly was introduced to Louis XIV. soon after the battle of Fountenoy, his majesty observed that Clare's regiment behaved well in that engagement. "Sire, (said the general,) they behaved well, it is true, many of them were wounded, but my regiment behaved better, for *we* were *all killed!*"

Execution of Hadfield.—*Carlisle, Sept.* 23.—I now send you the account of the execution of Mr. Hadfield. His irons were struck off this morning about ten o'clock; he appeared as usual, and I did not observe any alteration or increased agitation whatever. Soon after ten o'clock he sent for *The Carlisle Journal*, and perused it for some time; a little after he had laid aside the paper, two clergymen attended, and prayed with him for about two hours, and drank coffee with him. After they had left him (about twelve) he wrote some letters, and in one he enclosed his penknife; it was addressed to London. The sheriff, the bailiffs, and the Carlisle Volunteer Cavalry attended at the gaol door about half past three, together with a post chaise and a hearse. He was then ordered into the turnkey's lodge for the purpose of being pinioned, where he enquired of the gaoler who was going in the chaise with him? He was told the executioner and the gaoler. He immediately said, "pray where is the executioner? I should wish much to see him." The executioner was sent for: Hadfield asked him how he was, and made him a present of some silver in a paper. During the time of his being pinioned he stood with resolution, and requested he might not be pinioned tight, as he wished to use his handkerchief when on the platform, which was complied with. He then left the prison, and wished his fellow prisoners might be happy. When he came in sight of the tree, he said to the gaoler, he imagined that was the tree, pointing at it, that he was to die on. On being told yes, "O! a happy sight, I see it with pleasure!" Then he desired the hangman to be as expert as possible about it, and that he would wave a handkerchief when he was ready. The hangman then having fixed the rope in its proper place, he put up his hand and turned it himself. He also tied his cap, took his handkerchief from his own neck, and tied it about his head also. Then he requested the gaoler would step upon the platform and pinion his arms a little harder, fearing, lest, when he lost his senses, he might attempt to lift them to his neck. The rope was completely fixed about five minutes before four o'clock; it was slack, and he merely said, "May the Almighty bless you all!" Nor did he falter in the least when he tied the cap, shifted the rope, and took his handkerchief from his neck. He hung in the midst of a great number of spectators for one hour, when he was cut down and interred in St. Mary's church-yard, the usual place of interment for those who come to an untimely end; the parishioners of Burgh objecting to his being laid there.

Astley's Amphitheatre.---About half past two o'clock on Friday morning, Sept. 2, a thick fog and black smoke was seen by the watchman to issue out of the back part of Astley's elegant little theatre, near Westminster bridge. The alarm was immediately given, and the doors were burst open.---No sooner was the air introduced, than the flames broke out in the interior part of the building, where the scenes and machinery are kept. The performances on Friday night were the Heroine of China, and the Invasion. In the latter there is a brilliant display of fireworks, illuminations, &c. Our readers will ea-

sily imagine how rapid the spread of fire must be among such combustible materials, and what food must have been afforded to the flames by the canvas scenery, and the thin wooden partitions and machinery upon the stage. The flames raged with most astonishing fury. The fire engines were immediately sent for, and in the mean time every effort was made to save as much as possible from the theatre. The horses were all got out without injury; but it was impossible to save, as we understand, any of the scenery or machinery, the flames were so rapid. The engines arrived as soon as possible, and began playing upon the theatre which occupies a considerable depth from the street. Little effect was produced for some time. The fire in the mean time had communicated to the adjoining houses. Never were firemen more active and unremitting in their exertions; but the houses unfortunately were most of them small, and slightly built, many of them chiefly of wood.

The mother of Mrs. Astley unfortunately was in the house that was inhabited by her son and daughter, in front of the theatre. She was an old lady, about sixty, and rather infirm. Two gentlemen, Messrs. Moor and Burnett, made use of every effort in their power to save her. A ladder was raised to the window, which she was seen to approach, and to run back on a sudden, as if recollecting something; probably she wished to save some papers or money in the house. As she was coming back to the window a second time, the floor of the room gave way, and she was seen to fall in with it. It was now impossible to save her: she was burnt to death.

The whole of the theatre is consumed, and nothing is left of that beautiful little building but a heap of black and smoaking ruins. The range of the fire was most fatal towards and in Phœnix street. Between ten and twenty houses are consumed in that street; and, as it is inhabited by poor people, none of whom are, we suppose, insured, their distress may easily be imagined. They were running about for hours in a state of frantic despair. Here a mother might be seen, with her naked and screaming child clasped to her breast, running about the street in the wildest agony---there a poor mechanic, wringing his hands at the loss of all the little implements of his trade. The scene was dreadful beyond conception. About six o'clock the flames were got under.

The fire broke out in the lamp-room; some sparks from the fireworks fell upon the tow in the room, and set it in a blaze. The top of the theatre was much higher than the adjoining houses. When the roof fell in, it fell upon them, and did them much damage. Nearly forty houses are either destroyed or injured.

The flames, when they reached the scenes, of which there was an immense quantity, and chiefly painted in oil, raged with such fury, and diffused such an intense heat, that there is scarcely a pane of glass within the distance of fifty feet which was not either cracked or shrivelled. The houses in front, at each side of the Amphitheatre, the inhabitants having received a timely alarm, and being supplied with water, have been but slightly injured.

The visitation of the same kind, and in the same place, occurred on the Duke of York's birth-day, August 16, 1794. The destruction which then took place, and in a similar way, was as complete as in the present instance. The horses belonging to the theatre were saved by a young man, who has been em-

ployed there as a carpenter and scene-shifter, in a manner at once curious and extraordinary. It is a well-known fact, that horses can hardly be ever made to go away from a house which is on fire, and that they will remain fixed to one spot until they are burnt to death. One of the horses which was in the stable of the theatre on Thursday night, had been, through great exertion, saved during the fire of 1794. This horse, as if recollecting his former peril, suffered himself to be led away, and the remaining horses, which otherwise would have been immoveable, followed him.

The total insurance on the house, in different offices, did not exceed £.5,000. Mr. Astley's loss is not to be estimated at less than £. 30,000. Mr. and Mrs. Astley, junior, were sleeping at a small country house they have in Surrey, about ten miles from town. An express was sent immediately the fire was known, to Mr. Astley, who was on the spot by five o'clock, just in time to know that the flames had completely devoured the whole of his property, valued at more than thirty thousand pounds. Mrs. Astley followed, and on hearing the fate of her mother, she fell into violent hysterics, from which she did not recover for some days. The situation of Mr. and Mrs. Astley is indeed deplorable. His mother died about a week ago; her mother was on Friday burned to death; his father is a prisoner of war in France, unjustly held there by the Corsican Monster, at the moment his wife, to whom he had been married many years, was expiring; and now the whole of his property and his hopes are in one night gone.

With the exception of the horses, scarcely any part of Mr. Astley's property was saved. A few scenes, not more than loaded a cart, which were in the outer apartments, were obtained, but nothing else. The music room, with all its contents, were entirely destroyed. In this was deposited the music of all the pieces which had ever been brought out at the Amphitheatre, and which, in all, had cost Mr. Astley fifteen thousand pounds. The music was legible on Friday on the black flakes of the consumed paper. All the musical instruments, some of them very valuable, belonging to individuals of the band, were destroyed. Some wrecks of them could be seen scattered about the ruins. Indeed the ruins presented many curiosities. The contents of the property room, which, after being burnt, had fallen into the stables, through the stage, were curious. Here were swords, the barrels of muskets, tin armour, and all the paraphernalia of kings and warriors, which the flames could not devour. Many individuals belonging to the theatre, as well as the surrounding neighbours, have lost considerable property; and the least loss to the performers is not that of their benefits, which were approaching. Of these they are now deprived, and with them the means of clearing off many an annual score.

Mrs. Woodman, who perished in the fire at Astley's, was originally introduced to the notice of the public, as a singer, by the celebrated Dr. Arne, to whom she was a pupil, above thirty years since; she appeared at Covent Garden theatre, in Euphrosyne, in Comus, and was a competitor with the celebrated Miss Brent, afterwards Mrs. Pinto. Her name was then Spencer, and she was better known by the appellation of *Buck Spencer*, being uncommonly elegant in her dress and person; she afterwards sung at Marybone Gardens, where she received additional instructions from the late Dr. Arnold, and from thence went to Ireland, where she became deservedly a great favourite, and continued on

the Dublin stage for many years. She married a gentleman named Smith, by whom she had the present Mrs. Astley. After his decease, she married a Mr. Woodman, from whom, on account of some disagreement, she was separated.—The latter part of her life she resided entirely with her daughter, to whom she was much attached, and who is inconsolable for her loss.

Mrs. Woodman would have been saved, had she not been induced to return to her chamber, where she had deposited, in a secret corner of her bed, the receipts of two evenings, which, in consequence of the death of old Mrs. Astley, were entrusted to her care.

For the further security of the metropolis, a measure, (which was some time since mentioned as intended) is now adopted, and even begun to be put in execution, which will effectually protect it, on the eastern side, for an extent of nearly 20 miles. A dam is to be constructed on the Lea River, which will enable government, on the shortest notice of the landing of the enemy, to overflow the whole valley from near Ware to the Thames.

Advertisement copied from the Vermont Journal!—Run away from his wife and children, on Friday last, John Spriggs, five feet three inches high; squint eyed, a long red nose with a lofty bridge; primes and loads (takes snuff and chews tobacco); fiddle backed, very loquacious, so much so, that he will talk to himself rather than let his poor tongue get a little rest; affects a great deal of religion, usually carries a prayer book in one pocket, and a pack of cards in the other.

The late king of Sweden left a large chest of papers behind him, sealed up, with an injunction that they should not be opened till half a century after his death. This chest is now deposited in the university of Upsal.

Parliament is further prorogued to Thursday, the 3d day of November next.

A general fast is appointed for the 19th of October.

BIRTHS.

The Lady of Colonel Conway, of a daughter. At Ruport House, Southampton, the Marchioness of Winchester, of a son. In Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square, the Lady of Capt. Poyntz, R. N. of a son. The Lady of Dr. Crichton, of Clifford-street, Burlington-gardens, of a daughter.

MARRIED,

At Eltham, Kent, Capt. Rawlins, of the 30th Regiment, to Miss Ann Taylor Rawlins.

DIED.

In Welbeck-street, aged 64, Sir John Braithwaite, Bart. In Carnarvonshire, the Rev. Griffith Griffith. At Edinburgh, Major-General F. Halket. At Alnwick Castle, county of Northumberland, Lady Frances Percy, third daughter of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland. Tate Wilkinson, Esq. Patentee of the Theatres Royal York, Hull, &c. &c.